

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



## Bulmer's Cider

the most popular cider of all



BY APPOINTMENT  
CIDER MAKERS TO THE  
LATE KING GEORGE VI.  
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"FOURway"  
BREATHLESSLY SMART  
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HANDTAILORED SADDLESTITCHED "racin plaid"

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THE HEAVENLY BLEND OF PURE CASHMERE PURE WOOL

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Sole Importers:

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**555**

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BY APPOINTMENT  
ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD.  
STATE EXPRESS  
CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS  
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.



**ROYAL EXCHANGE  
ASSURANCE**

INCORPORATED A.D. 1720

HEAD OFFICE: ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

**Grant's**  
Stand Fast  
Scotch Whisky

Wm Grant & Sons Ltd., Distillers, Dufftown, Scotland.

● EVERYONE ENJOYS GIN & LILLET - LE MEILLEUR APERITIF DE LA FRANCE ●

GIN &  
**LILLET**  
LILLET - LE MEILLEUR APERITIF DE LA FRANCE

Great stuff this

**Bass**

TRADE MARK





## The Professor of Milan<sup>★</sup>

THE PROFESSOR went swimming off Capri and he swam wearing his wrist-watch. It was waterproof—perfectly safe to swim with.

But then—calamity! The strap buckle was loose, and it came undone. Vainly the professor tried to save his watch; sadly he saw it twinkle and disappear into the green depths of the sea. And he returned to shore convinced that his watch was gone for ever.

But back on shore, he remembered the divers. They were working on sunken ships close to where he had been swimming. He asked them to keep an eye open for his watch.

The next time they dived, a week later, they remembered that request, and looked around for the watch. And—yes, they found it, and brought it gingerly to the surface.

And when on dry land they examined it, they gazed at it in stupefaction. For that watch that had lain on the sea bed a whole week was still keeping perfect time.

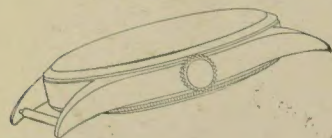
Incredible? Not at all. The watch was a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. The Oyster case—that amazing product of the inventive skill of Rolex designers, had protected the movement from salt water and the clinging, insidious sand, and the Rolex Perpetual self-winding mechanism had kept it wound. The Rolex “rotor,” the secret of the success of the Perpetual, does not work on the “jerk” principle. A complete semi-circle of metal, rotating on an axis, it turns and spins at the slightest movement. And in this case, it was the gentle tug of the waves that actuated it!

Well, that's what happened to one particular Rolex watch. And the professor got his watch back unharmed. But now, he's careful when he goes swimming. For next time, there may be no divers to find it!

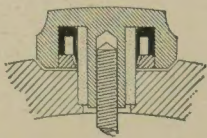
Doesn't apply to you? You're not likely to drop your watch in the Mediterranean? True—but *all* watches have enemies—dust, damp, dirt, perspiration—and the sort of watch that will tell the time at the bottom of the sea will hardly be affected by ordinary hazards. And remember that the Rolex Perpetual isn't self-winding just to save you the trouble of winding it up. A self-winding watch tends to be more accurate than a hand-wound watch because the tension on the main spring is much more even, much more constant. Yes, a Rolex Perpetual is made to be accurate and *stay* accurate.

★ This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the professor concerned (Professor Cutolo of Milan University) to the Rolex Watch Company. The original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company, 18 rue du Marché, Geneva, Switzerland.

“They found it and brought it gingerly to the surface. On dry land, they held it in their hands and gazed at it with stupefaction.”



The new, *slim* Oyster case has arrived at last—and as from now is gracing all Rolex Oyster Perpetuals.



Another Rolex first—the Phantom Crown: waterproof, even when pulled out for hand-setting! Another proof of Rolex leadership.

This is a Rolex Oyster Perpetual Datejust—and it is in a class by itself. The accuracy is of the highest standard—*Rolex* standard. The waterproof Oyster case protects that accuracy, and the Perpetual self-winding “rotor” safeguards it by maintaining an even tension on the mainspring. (The Rolex Red Seal is a sign used by Rolex to show that the watch to which it is attached has been successfully submitted to the tests of the official Testing Stations of the Swiss Government, and has been awarded its own Official Timing Certificate together with the proud title of *chronometer*.)



# ROLEX

*A landmark in the history of  
Time measurement*







*THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD*





## The face at the window

As you travel round the world the face changes, the window often remains the same. Hotel Reforma, Mexico City — metal windows by Williams and Williams. Go North to the Waldorf Astoria, New York, East to the Victoria Falls Hotel in Africa, and yes . . . metal windows by Williams and Williams. Bangkok, Brussels, Bulawayo, Birmingham — the same old story. Why? Because we have 18 factories around the world and agents in 46 countries. Because Architects and Builders find they get first class windows *and* first class service *on the spot*. That's why!

### METAL WINDOWS

**WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS**



Manufacturers of metal windows, steel doors and door frames, Aluminex Patent Glazing and light steel fabrications all over the world. Head Office: Williams & Williams Ltd., Reliance Works, Chester, England.

## Industrial Iceberg

The greater part of an iceberg is out of sight, below the surface.

The greater part of the vital research and development work done by BICC is out of sight too—unseen and unheard of by the man in the street.

Our cables lie buried below the surface, doing arduous work, ceaselessly, year after year. Their long continuous efficiency is taken for granted—and rightly—for that is the standard of their excellence.

**BICC**

*The Largest Cable Manufacturers in the World*

BRITISH INSULATED CALLENDER'S CABLES LTD.



21, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1



SEVILLE CATHEDRAL, SPAIN —  
from the Patio de "Banderas" in the Alcazar.

Spain's rich heritage of fine architecture is exemplified by the magnificence of Seville Cathedral. Equally noteworthy are the Sherries of Spain.

**DRY SACK**—an outstanding example—is matured, bottled and shipped by Williams & Humbert to the leading markets of the world.



WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LTD · 35 SEETHING LANE · LONDON E.C.3



# GO...

where winter is warm  
where life is gay  
where living is good

Do you seek refuge from sullen skies? Then follow the swallow southwards where the sun shines and you discard your cares with your overcoats! GO by French Railways, whose quick, punctual, comfortable, courteous service will carry you to many a sun-blessed haven.

**"MISTRAL" RAPIDE** This famous 1st and 2nd class express leaves Paris at 1 p.m. and arrives in Nice at midnight. Between Paris and Lyons (318 miles) it averages 76 m.p.h.—a World's record for that distance.

**THROUGH SLEEPERS** (1st and 2nd class) and Couchettes (2nd class) are available between Calais and the Riviera.

**COUCHETTE BERTHS** for night journeys cost only £1.3.0d. extra (1st or 2nd class) which secures full length bunk, freshly laundered pillow, and blankets.

**TOURIST TICKETS** offer reductions of 30% on ordinary fares for return and circular journeys of at least 2,000 km. and on certain conditions of stay in France.

**85% PUNCTUALITY** Latest figures show French expresses improved their already high punctuality record with 85% arrivals absolutely on or ahead of time!

## GO by...



# FRENCH RAILWAYS

Information, tickets and reservations from any good Travel Agent or French Railways Ltd., 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.



### FREE LITERATURE

Write for the colourful 24-pp. "France" booklet, and the Blue (Winter) Leaflet of practical information





# HIGHLAND QUEEN

Queen of Scots

## SCOTCH WHISKY

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD., DISTILLERS, LEITH, SCOTLAND

"La Seine aux Environs de Paris" by S. JEPINE.

Canvas: 24" x 45"

## RECENT ACQUISITIONS

Important Paintings By  
GAINSBOROUGH, WILSON, GUARDI, VAN GOGH,  
TOULOUSE-LAUTREC, RENOIR, DEGAS,  
MODIGLIANI, BONNARD, UTRILLO, etc.

On Exhibition until 19th. December

# ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS LTD.,

31, BRUTON STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Telephone: MAYfair 2920

Cables: "Invocation, London"



BY APPOINTMENT SILVERSMITHS



TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

## GIFTS FROM GARRARDS



(1) Sterling Silver Ash Tray dia. 3½ in. £4.0.0

(2) Engine-Turned Ronson Cigarette Lighter, Chromium mounted £2.5.0  
Sterling Silver mounted £7.2.0

(3) 9 ct. gold patent Key Holder, model elephant with Ruby eyes £28.10.0

(4) Sterling Silver Vanity Case dia. 2½ ins. with hinged inner lid £6.17.6

(5) Pencil, length 4½ ins. with clip for pocket, containing twelve reserve 3-inch leads  
Sterling Silver £1.12.0  
9 ct. gold £8.10.0

(6) Gentleman's pigskin Zipp Dressing Case with chromium &amp; ironwood toilet fittings, size closed 9½ x 6 ins. £12.10.0

GIFTS of rare beauty and intrinsic value . . . simple gifts, ornamental and useful gifts, all the work of fine craftsmen. The name of Garrard upon the box conveys a compliment more eloquently than words.

There is much to choose from at '112'. May we send you, post free, a copy of our illustrated catalogue of suggestions for Christmas Gifts?

## GARRARD & CO. LTD.

*Crown Jewellers*

*formerly*

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS  
COMPANY LTD

OUR ONLY ADDRESS:

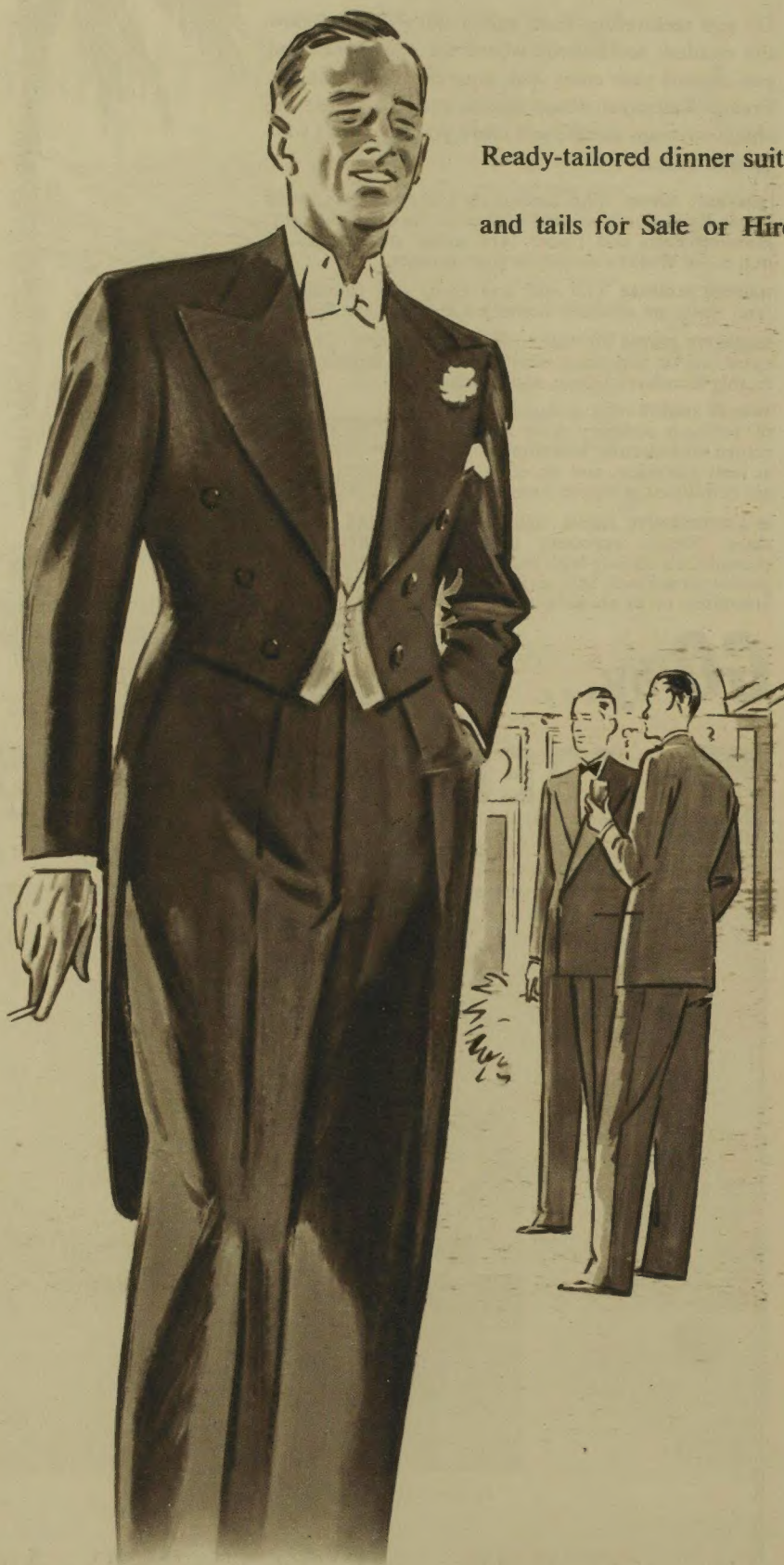
112 Regent Street London W.1

TELEPHONE: REGENT 3021



## Evening Wear

Ready-tailored dinner suits  
and tails for Sale or Hire



## MOSS BROS

& CO. LTD.

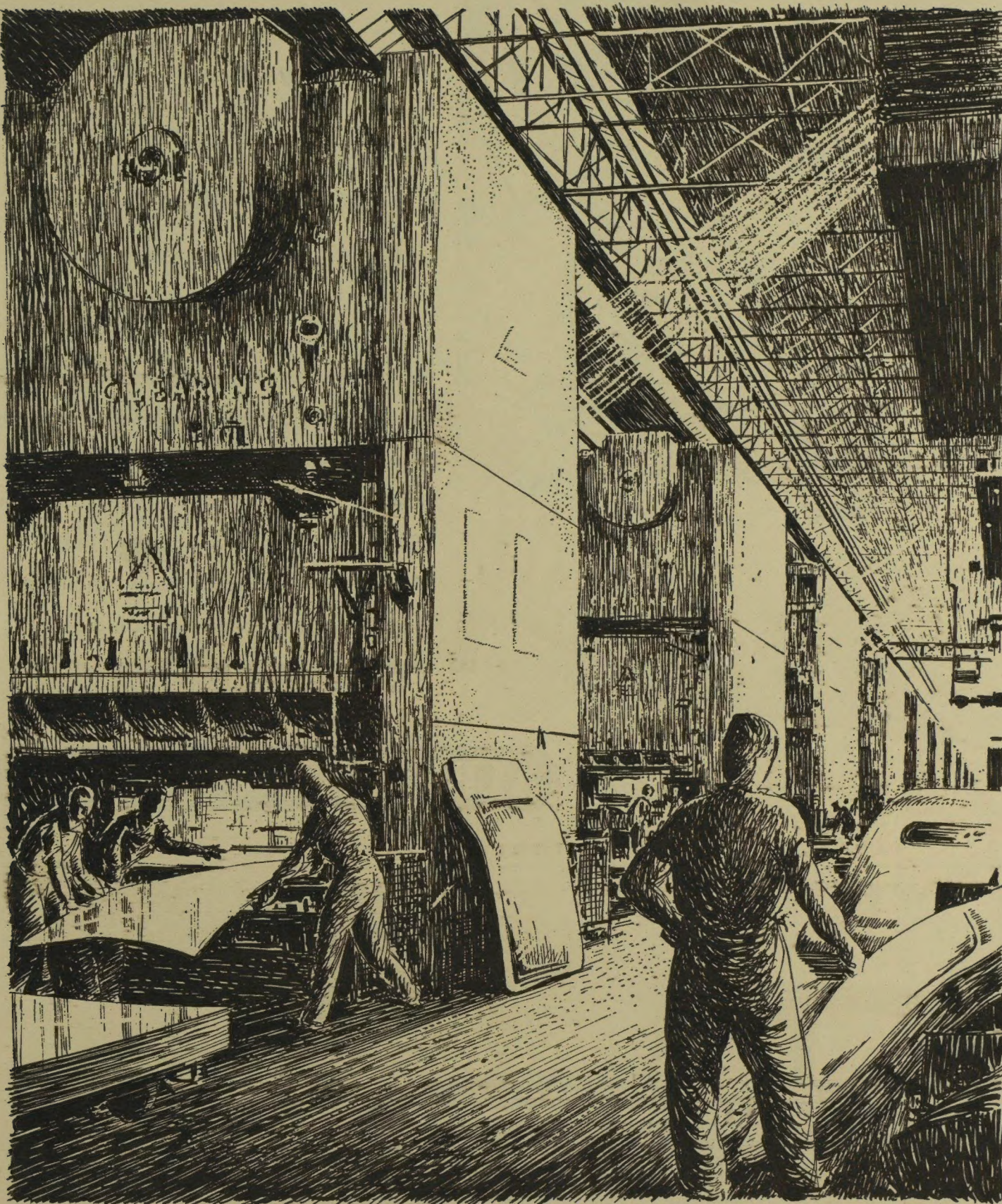
OF COVENT GARDEN

THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2. Temple Bar 4477

AND BRANCHES





*An artist's impression of a battery of Clearing double-action presses in one of the vast press shops at Cowley, Oxford.*

*"The largest press shops in Europe, with over 350 power presses working with pressures up to 1000 tons... a factory area at Cowley alone more than half the size of Hyde Park... Here, indeed, with its 12,000 and more workers, is one of Britain's greatest industrial enterprises."*

## **cars in the making**

FROM THESE IMMENSE presses come bodywork and pressings for many of the most famous names in the British motor-car industry, including Austin, Daimler, Hillman, Humber, Jaguar, Lanchester, Morris, Morris Commercial, M.G., Riley, Rover, Singer, Wolseley.

Pressed Steel Company Limited are the largest car body manufacturers in Britain and pioneers in this country both of pressed steel bodywork and unitary

construction in quantity. The unequalled service of the Company to the British motor-car industry is founded on engineering and production facilities second to none, an organisation without parallel in Britain, and unsurpassed technical experience.

In its continued — and continual — expansion this service will, also, not be denied to manufacturers yet to achieve world renown.



# **PRESSED STEEL COMPANY LIMITED**

FACTORIES : COWLEY, OXFORD. THEALE, BERKSHIRE. LINWOOD, SCOTLAND

HEAD OFFICE : COWLEY.

LONDON OFFICE : SCEPTRE HOUSE, 169 REGENT STREET, W.1.

*Manufacturers also of Prestcold Refrigerators, Steel Railway Wagons, Agricultural Implements and Pressings of all types.*





G.M.W.

## *What's new in the bakehouse, Mrs. Buckley?*

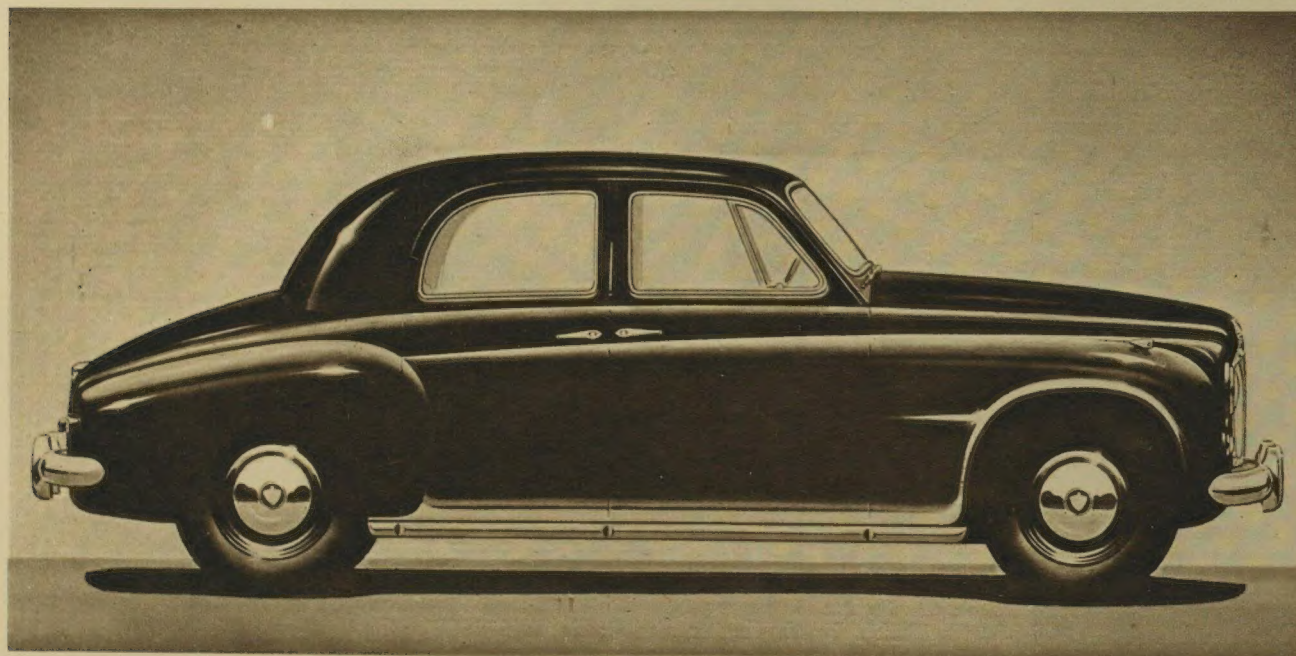
In making cakes and pastries by the million every day and making them turn out a treat every time, the baker is aided by baking powders made with pure food phosphates. These are provided by Albright & Wilson who also supply — through their allied organization the Antelope Company — the new silicone compound which is superseding grease for bread tins. This method is cleaner and more hygienic and a single application of the silicone is enough to prevent sticking for many bakings.



*Chemicals for Industry*

**ALBRIGHT & WILSON**

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD • 49 PARK LANE • LONDON • W.1



*By Appointment to the late King George VI  
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers  
The Rover Co. Ltd.*

*Two  
new  
Models*

The Rover Company Limited announce two new models — the "Sixty" and "Ninety" — in addition to the well-known "Seventy-Five". The "Sixty" has a 4-cylinder 2-litre engine, and is designed to appeal to the motorist requiring Rover standards of quality, comfort and performance with outstanding economy; the "Ninety" is powered by a 6-cylinder 2½-litre unit. All three models have the same basic chassis and bodywork, largely similar to that of the successful "Seventy-Five", and a number of improvements have been embodied including synchromesh on second, third and top gears; a new central gear-change, and side lamps mounted on the wings, easily visible to the driver. Rubber bushes and sealed bearings reduce grease-gun service to a minimum.

### PRICES

Basic Price	P. Tax	Total
<b>"Sixty"</b>		
£820	£342.15.10	£1,162.15.10
<b>"Seventy-Five"</b>		
£895	£374. 0.10	£1,269. 0.10
<b>"Ninety"</b>		
£915	£382. 7. 6	£1,297. 7. 6

# ROVER

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED • SOLIHULL • BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • LONDON







# IT'S FORD FOR CHOICE!

This range of cars emphasises Ford

Leadership in British Motoring.

There is a model to meet your needs ;

your choice will be the best in

its class, backed up—always—by the

world's finest Service.



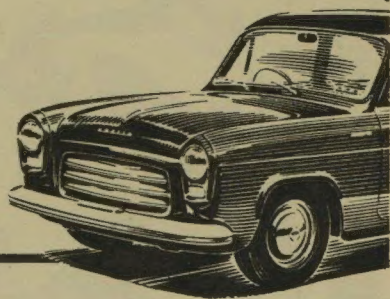
## Ford

**'5-STAR' MOTORING**  
the best at lowest cost

### NEW ANGLIA

£360 PLUS P.T.  
£151 . 2 . 6

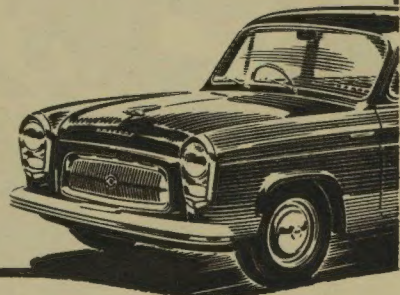
*'5-Star' motoring at  
lowest cost.*



### NEW PREFECT

£395 PLUS P.T.  
£165 . 14 . 2

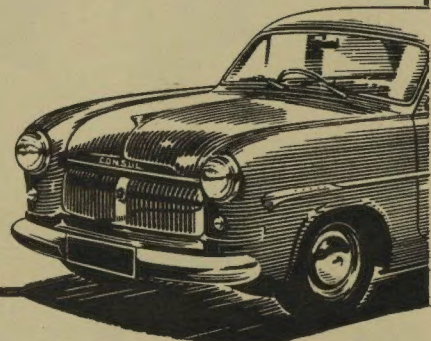
*'5-Star' leader of the  
light car class.*



### CONSUL

£470 PLUS P.T.  
£196 . 19 . 2

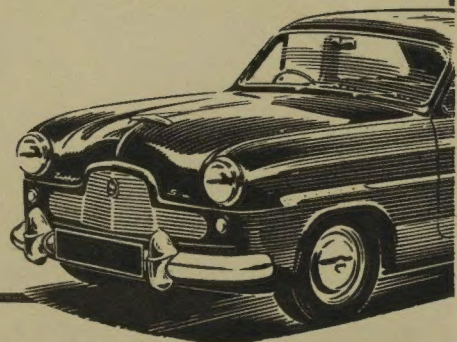
*With the Zephyr-6, first in  
the field of '5-Star' cars.*



### ZEPHYR-6

£532 PLUS P.T.  
£222 . 15 . 10

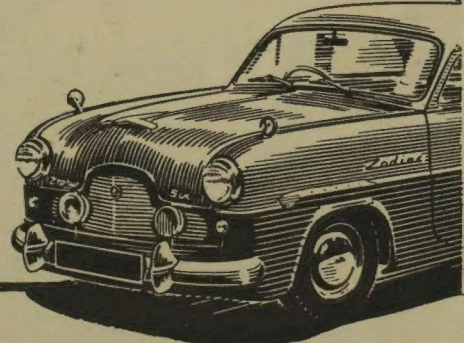
*Brilliant winner of this year's  
Monte Carlo Rally and of the  
Ladies' Cup in the Lisbon Rally.*



### ZEPHYR ZODIAC

£600 PLUS P.T.  
£251 . 2 . 6

*The luxury version of the  
elegant, exciting Zephyr-6.*



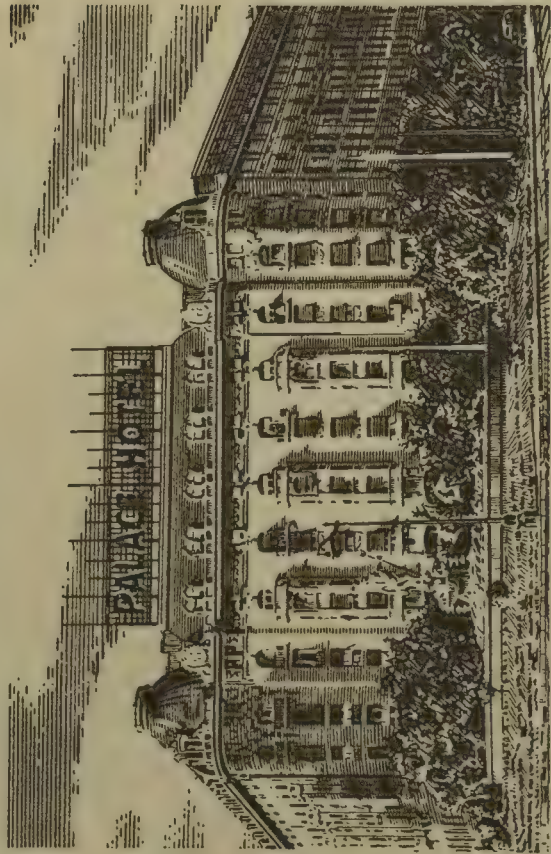
## THE FORD 'POPULAR'

£275 PLUS P.T. £115 . 14 . 2

**LOWEST-PRICED CAR IN THE WORLD**



1912-1953



## Palace Hotel. Madrid Spain

On July 15th 1911, the first stone of the future PALACE HOTEL was laid.

On October 12th 1912, His Majesty Alfonso XIII (deceased) officially inaugurated the hotel.

The entire construction, decoration and furnishing had been completed in a period of 15 months, and in addition all its services were already in working order.

This was the second hotel in the world - the PALACE HOTEL in Brussels being the first - that could boast of a private bath-room and telephone to each bed-room.

Today it is the largest PALACE in Europe.

In order to satisfy the needs of its clientele, and maintain its enviable position among the top-ranking PALACES, improvements, modernizations and changes are continually being effected.

Reception, Information and Telephone services are on the ground floor. The HALL is world famous.... and the spacious salon, a winter garden at the time of construction, is, in addition to the rest of the halls, saloons etc., air-conditioned throughout.

The BAR is frequented by the élite of Madrid. The GRILL and RESTAURANT are famous for their "cuisine"

The rooms, including the bath-room and ante-chamber, measure 36 square meters. Seventy-five percent of the rooms have been entirely re-decorated and newly furnished, and Spanish hand-made carpets were specially made to fit each room. Beautifully tiled bath-rooms, independent showers, or showers over the bath, two wash-basins, separate W. C., telephone, double electric plugs suitable for European, American or Mirofar systems.

Amongst the hotel services are the following: Laundry, Ironing, Pressing and Dry Cleaning, Garage, Cinema with 500 seats, Travel Agencies, Luxury-article Shops, and many show-windows.

The total amount paid in salaries, wages per annum.... passes the figure of Ptas. 9.500.000.

## The Hotels of Europe

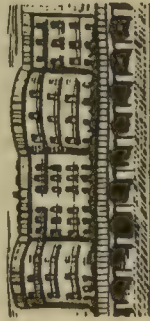
### HOTEL RITZ - MADRID

Situated in the Paseo del Prado, facing the famous Prado Museum, this is the Hotel de luxe par excellence. The hotel gardens are the rendez-vous of the most distinguished persons. Sumptuous comfort, discreet and of refined good taste, is what the Ritz offers its "select" clientele. A magnificent Restaurant, Grill-room and banquet hall. All the rooms are equipped with bath-room, central heating, telephone, and light indicators to contact the various hotel services.



### CONTINENTAL PALACE - SAN SEBASTIAN

In the beautiful Basque country, with its picturesque surroundings, this hotel is situated facing the centre of the world-famous "Concha" (shell-shaped) Beach. Every comfort is available: all the rooms have private bath-rooms, central heating, telephone and service-bells. Basque specialities or French dishes are served in the Restaurant. Open all the year round.



### ALFONSO XIII - SEVILLE

The splendour and wealth of a Moorish Palace and the refined comforts of a modern hotel are to be found exquisitely united in the Alfonso XIII Hotel. In the most picturesque district of Seville, near the Palace of San Telmo, the Alcazar Palace and the Park of Maria Luisa. Its surrounding garden is in flower all the year round. The Mozarabic Hall, the courtyard in Andalusian style, the splendid banquet rooms, the magnificent restaurant, the excellent "cuisine": everything to delight and charm the tourist. Open all the year round.



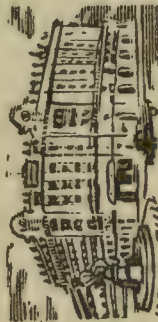
### PALACE HOTEL - BRUSSELS

Situated in the commercial centre of Brussels. This constantly modernized, 500-roomed, all-comfort hotel (private bath-rooms, almost all of them with showers) has a first-class restaurant with fixed menus and "à la carte". Splendid Hall. Saloons for private parties, meetings, banquets. Discreet good taste: a welcoming atmosphere.



### HOTEL RITZ - BARCELONA

A magnificent building in the centre of Barcelona, this hotel has, ever since its inauguration, been considered as the most luxurious in the county. In its sumptuous salons, the society of Barcelona gives its parties. The comfort and luxury of its 250 rooms, all with bath-room; the famous Restaurant; the exquisite "cuisine"; the Bar and the Hall.



### NEGRESCO - NICE

The Negresco can suit your every desire - from a single room, to a luxurious suite. The rapid and discreet service is a tradition of the hotel. Exquisite "cuisine". The Bar and the marvellous Hall are frequented by the society of Nice.



### ERMITAGE NAPOLEON - DIGNE

The most comfortable hotel on the marvellous route to the Alps. Open all the year round. Seventy rooms with bath-room, showers, W. C., telephone. Garage. Garden and flowered terrace. Restaurant. Famous centre of excursions.



D216A

# Why so many motorists and their wives are choosing the Daimler CONQUEST

OVER 80 M.P.H. PLUS DAIMLER DIGNITY FOR £1066 PLUS £445.5.10 P/T.

Since its dramatic debut in May of this year, the Daimler 'CONQUEST' has enjoyed the most spectacular success, and for the very best of reasons. It fulfils the demands of the greatest number of different kinds of motorists, from the critical enthusiast to the cautious beginner.

**The fast driver.** For the driver who likes to feel urge and power under his right foot, who prefers to be off first at the lights, the 'CONQUEST' leaps from 0-30 in 5 secs., 0-60 in 20.4 secs. through the gears, and from 10-30 in 9.7 secs. in top (Vide 'Autocar' and 'Motor' road test reports). Top speed is over 80, cruising 70.

**The take-it-easy driver.** One of the features sure to appeal to the driver who likes to

take things easy is the fluid transmission, cunningly in league with a preselector gear-change. This allows great top-gear flexibility and easy traffic crawling, and virtually two-pedal control at all times.

**The 'family' driver.** The roomy interior with its wide, deep seating, its ample leg room and unobstructed flat floor gives really comfortable accommodation for a family of five or six. The large luggage boot measures 3' x 4'. Independent front suspension is provided by laminated torsion bars and completely cancels out roll and sway, even on fast cornering.

**Points for the record.** The 'CONQUEST's' 2½ litre engine is a 6 cylinder O.H.V. developing 75 b.h.p. • Petrol consumption from

26.5 m.p.g. at 30 m.p.h. to 18.5 m.p.g. at 70 m.p.h. • Automatic chassis lubrication. 11" brakes with area of 148 sq. ins.

**The price** of the 'CONQUEST' is £1066 plus £445.5.10 p/t. This is less than most knowledgeable motorists will expect from such a combination of pace, performance and pedigree with the name of Daimler.

*To obtain full details of the remarkable Daimler 'CONQUEST' and the address of your nearest distributor you should write today for the free illustrated broadsheet to Bureau 10, The Daimler Company Limited, Coventry.*

**'OUT OF PEDIGREE COMES PACE'**





# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1953.



THE QUEEN HOLDS HER FIRST INVESTITURE OUTSIDE BRITAIN: THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF JAMAICA, SIR KENNETH O'CONNOR, KNEELING TO RECEIVE THE ACCOLADE ON NOVEMBER 27.

Her Majesty the Queen made history in Jamaica by holding her first Investiture outside Britain on November 27, before leaving with the Duke of Edinburgh in the *Gothic* for Panama. The ceremony took place in the Bishop's Palace of the King's House, Kingston, and Sir Kenneth O'Connor, Chief Justice

of Jamaica, whose knighthood was announced in the 1952 Birthday Honours, received the Accolade. Awards were bestowed on thirteen other Jamaicans, including Colonel A. G. Curphey, President of the Jamaican Legislative Council, who was invested as a C.B.E. Her Majesty wore a pale yellow dress.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

**P**OLITICS are an uncertain business, and it is hard to say whether they are more so under an absolute monarch than under an absolute democracy. The problems of the courtier and the democratic statesman, though differing in technique, are fundamentally the same; the unfortunate man has unceasingly to dance attendance on and woo the unaccountable and unpredictable. An all-powerful populace is just as fickle, allergic to unpalatable fact, and unreasonable as an all-powerful King. And, let him try as he will, the servant of either can never be sure of his place or foretell, with any certainty, the hour—except that it is bound to come—when he will be summarily dismissed and discarded. From Wolsey in 1529 to Mr. Churchill in 1945 the story is the same. Fidelity to the careless fellow with power, whether the man on the throne or the man in the street, may be rewarded—and richly—for a time, but it will never be rewarded permanently. The toe of the monarch's foot is, potentially speaking, never far from the politician's trouser.

This makes the politician like the courtier, by the moral standards of ordinary men, a rather slippery-seeming, elusive fellow. He can seldom be tied down to word or programme implicitly, and, if he lets himself be, he is only too likely to find himself in undeserved trouble. The golden rule for a man in politics is never to commit himself if he can possibly help it. To be straightforward is to court disaster; to wriggle adroitly to evade it. This is not, perhaps, presenting the politician's character in a very agreeable light; but it is not the politician's fault but that of our fickle, careless human nature, which can only be ruled and controlled by Ministers who adapt themselves to the faithlessness and irresponsibility of those they rule. Politicians, like wives and husbands, are what we ourselves make them.

Yet even in the most adroit and experienced of them, the better and more consistent side of human nature is always breaking through. The most cunning statesman can be trusted to be consistent or loyal to friends or principle at times, and even to court ruin by being so. Like many a tyrant, a democracy is often far more nobly and faithfully served by its courtiers than it deserves. Yet again and again such virtue is rewarded by disaster, and history reveals how dangerous in politics it is for a statesman to expose more of himself than he need. Political commitments, every experienced politician knows, should never be entered into save out of the strictest necessity. It looks, for instance, at the present time as if the Conservative Party's rather touching fidelity to principle over their proposals for commercial television may provide a startling illustration of this unpalatable truth. For having achieved power with a tiny electoral and parliamentary majority, and having with the greatest political skill, and in the teeth of all probability, weathered two years of office and almost miraculously transformed the very grave economic and administrative situation of the country without losing the electorate's precarious goodwill, its leaders are now, without the slightest electoral necessity and in deference solely to abstract notions of principle, embarking on a highly controversial measure affecting the public's domestic amusements. By doing so it looks as though they may have aroused, however erroneously and unjustly, a suspicion of their own integrity in that small but decisive minority of uncommitted voters which, as the electoral history of the past thirty years shows, can so easily sway an election in these days of vast, closely-balanced and class-divided constituencies. For their quixotic persistence in their administrative measures to free television from the B.B.C.'s monopoly appears to be regarded in many quarters not as the unselfish and high-minded adherence to the principles of freedom which it claims to be and so palpably is, but as a calculating and purely interested attempt to afford new openings for profit and profitable employment, if not for themselves, for their friends and backers. Absurd though such a notion may be, it might easily become as dangerous to the Conservative cause as the equally fantastic, but passionately-held belief before and during the war that the Conservatives and their friends had in some mysterious way been the financial beneficiaries of pre-war unemployment. Political beliefs, as the election of 1945 showed, have no more to do with logic than the

prejudices and personal likes and dislikes of mediæval kings. And once such a notion becomes widespread—and one can be sure it will be sedulously propagated—all the high administrative integrity of the present Government's conduct of national affairs during the past two years will be forgotten. Elections, though they may be fought on, are not won by Governments' records. They are won on an electorate's suspicions, prejudices and hopes.

The curious thing about the Conservative Party's ideological adherence to the principle of free trading in television programmes is that it does not appear, on the face of it, to be a Conservative principle at all. Like its adherence to the far more abstruse economic principle of the Most Favoured Nation Clause in our commercial treaties, it is a Liberal rather than a Conservative tenet. Just as one would imagine that the protection and fostering of Commonwealth and Imperial trade and population would appeal to Conservative tradition and instinct, so one might suppose that the protection of the home from commercially-sponsored vulgarity and log-rolling would appeal to the mind of Conservative statesmen. Lord Halifax's attitude, so deplored by official Tory leaders and organisers, is the attitude a his-

torian would naturally expect from the Party whose historic motto is "Church and King." It would seem, however, that the negative principle of opposition to the Socialist ideal of monopoly is stronger in the contemporary Conservative mind than the positive one of fostering and creating character in the individual citizen.

Whether this is a good or a bad thing I shall not attempt to assess. But of one thing I feel certain: that those who are contending about the relative merits of State monopoly and commercial competition in broadcasting have not sufficiently deeply considered the fundamentals of this particular problem. And this is perhaps not surprising, for it is a unique and most complex one, and busy politicians have little time in their crowded workaday lives to think deeply about questions of fundamental principle. Yet what nearly everyone seems to have overlooked is that television, like radio, comprises two completely different conceptions. One is the conception of social and national education and betterment. The other is the conception of popular amusement. The inherent difficulty in the problem

lies in the fact that these have to be catered for by the same technical instrument. If television or radio is to be regarded purely as a species of popular amusement—as the professional Press-critics of both quite naturally regard it—it seems highly improper that the State should relay such amusement to the populace at the ridiculously low figure at which licences can be bought, or even that it should relay it at all. It is not the business of the State to proffer red-nosed comedians, Californian wisecracks and the Can-Can to the electorate, and, by doing so, it complicates and bedevils its own task. On the other hand, it is the business of the State to safeguard the morality and character of the nation's social life, to supervise the educational influences that mould the mind and outlook of the growing generation, and to communicate its purpose and leadership to the rank-and-file of the nation. For all these ends radio and, still more, television, are peculiarly fitted. One has only to think what would have happened, say, in the General Strike of 1926 or during the Blitz in 1940, and what did happen, through the medium of television, at the time of the Coronation, to realise how valuable and indispensable a medium this new invention has become to those who have to direct, instruct and keep united a nation in crisis. These are functions which the State cannot readily, or, I think, wisely delegate to any other agency, and they are certainly functions which are widely separated from those of popular entertainment. For this reason I believe that none of the analogies that have been drawn between the printed word and radio and television are wholly relevant. Nor do I believe that the device adopted by a British Conservative Government in the 1920's for dealing with this novel and peculiar problem was a mistaken one. It has proved, on the whole, a wiser and better one than that devised by any other country, and I feel we should be rash, for the sake of any abstract principle, to discard it hastily.

#### THE QUEEN MOTHER AT MOOR HOUSE SCHOOL.



EXAMINING, WITH GREAT INTEREST, THE WORK OF SPEECH-HANDICAPPED CHILDREN: HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, WHO RECENTLY PAID A VISIT TO MOOR HOUSE SCHOOL, OXTED.

On November 26 her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited Moor House School for the residential treatment of speech-handicapped children and watched demonstrations of their work. Moor House School, which is at Hurst Green, near Oxted, Surrey, has fifty pupils and, as she toured the class-rooms, her Majesty spoke to each one of them. Dr. C. Worster-Drought, honorary medical director and founder of the school, Mr. G. J. Brady, Chairman, and Mrs. S. Hudson-Smith, Principal, accompanied the Queen Mother and several cases were explained to her. Records were played of a ten-year-old child who has a cleft palate and harelip, so that her Majesty could hear the child's original unintelligible speech and then her fluency after she had received instruction at the school.



## THE FIRST DAY OF THE ROYAL TOUR: HER MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL IN BERMUDA.



THE QUEEN'S FIRST CEREMONY AT BERMUDA: AFTER THE PRESENTATIONS, SHE IS TAKING THE SALUTE OF THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF BERMUDA MILITIA AND BERMUDA RIFLES.



LEAVING THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, THE OLDEST OVERSEAS SELF-GOVERNING BODY IN THE COMMONWEALTH: THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE AND THE GOVERNOR.



AT THE GARDEN-PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE: HER MAJESTY PLANTING A TREE (A GIANT YEW) TO MARK THE OCCASION: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ALSO PLANTED A TREE ON THIS OCCASION.

At 9.55 a.m. (local time) November 24, five minutes ahead of schedule after a flight of 3865 miles across the Atlantic, the *Canopus* touched down at Kindley Field, Bermuda; and five minutes later the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh disembarked into weather like an English spring day, to be welcomed by the Governor, Lieut.-General Sir Alexander Hood. After presentations and the inspection of the guard of honour, her Majesty was cheered by crowds at the airport and drove in a small open car to the old capital, St. George. (Large cars are not



LEAVING ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ST. GEORGE, ONCE THE COLONY'S CAPITAL: THE QUEEN WITH SIR ALEXANDER HOOD. (LEFT) THE RECTOR, THE VEN. J. W. STOW, AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

permitted in the Colony.) In the old King's Square she was welcomed by the Mayor, and various Members of Parliament were presented in informal proceedings. Thence the Royal party walked to the old church of St. Peter's, where they were greeted by the Rector and admired his church. After a detour through the U.S.A.F. base at Kindley, they then reached Hamilton, the present capital, where they were greeted by the Mayor and then drove through the streets to the House of Assembly in an open, horse-drawn carriage.



## H.M. THE QUEEN IN BERMUDA: THE ISLAND CRUISE, AND THE DEPARTURE.



LEAVING HAMILTON FOR A CRUISE AMONG THE ISLANDS OF GREAT SOUND: THE YACHT *WILHELMINA* (LEFT CENTRE, BACKGROUND) FOLLOWED BY SMALL VESSELS.



CHEERED BY THE SEA RANGERS AND GIRL GUIDES OF BERMUDA, HER MAJESTY WALKS THROUGH AN ARCH OF ACCLAMATION AT HAMILTON AFTER ADDRESSING THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

After her visit to the House of Assembly in Hamilton (reported on another page), the Queen addressed a large gathering of war veterans and members of youth organisations at Albuys Point and then embarked in the *Wilhelmina* for a cruise among the islands of Great Sound to Mangrove Bay. Luncheon was served on board. When she disembarked she was greeted by hundreds of cheering school-children, and the Queen and the Duke drove slowly round the playing-fields in which they were assembled. The climax of the day was a garden-party at



THE QUEEN TURNS TO WAVE FAREWELL TO BERMUDA FROM THE DOOR OF *CANOPUS* BEFORE LEAVING BY AIR IN THE EARLY MORNING OF NOVEMBER 25 EN ROUTE FOR JAMAICA.

Government House, at which there were about 800 guests. At this garden-party, where the Queen and the Duke mingled with the guests after the formal presentations, both planted giant yew-trees to commemorate the day. The day ended with a small, informal dinner-party at Government House. On the following day (November 25) at 6.10 a.m. (local time), just as dawn was breaking, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh embarked in *Canopus* and took off for Jamaica to the sound of a solitary piper playing "The Road to the Isles."



**A**FTER her arrival at Hamilton, the capital of Bermuda, on the morning of November 24, her Majesty drove with the Duke in an open horse-drawn carriage to the House of Assembly. There, in the small pine-panelled Chamber, she received an address which was read by the Speaker, after prayers by the Bishop of Bermuda, the Rt. Rev. J. A. Jagoe. In her reply to this address, which she read in a strong, clear voice, the Queen spoke of the growth of tolerance for the rights of the private individual and the development of Parliamentary institutions. She then said: "The first seed of the plant which grew in Britain fell here in Bermuda and the climate and the soil seem to have suited it. I am happy to-day to be able to visit this first of my Parliaments overseas and to find so fine and vigorous a growth." She then referred to the part played by Bermudians in the two World Wars and their pride in stepping into "the position they inherit as the oldest unit in the British Commonwealth." Her Majesty then thanked Bermuda for the welcome given to her and the Duke, and concluded: "Bermuda holds and always will hold a warm place in our hearts. May God bless you all."



AT THE BOUNDARY OF THE CITY OF HAMILTON, BENEATH A TRIUMPHAL ARCH, HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WAS WELCOMED BY THE MAYOR, MR. E. R. WILLIAMS. ON THE RIGHT IS THE HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE IN WHICH THE QUEEN DROVE TO THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.



FLANKED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE GOVERNOR, BEHIND WHOM ARE PORTRAITS OF GEORGE III. AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE, HER MAJESTY RECEIVES FROM THE SPEAKER AND THE CHIEF JUSTICE AN ADDRESS IN THE PINE-PANELLED CHAMBER OF BERMUDA'S HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY. THE QUEEN LATER ADDRESSED THE ASSEMBLY.

"THE FIRST SEED" OF BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY INSTITUTIONS: HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE BERMUDA PARLIAMENT.



## SCENES WHICH JAMAICA WILL LONG REMEMBER: THE ROYAL VISIT.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE LEGISLATURE: HER MAJESTY, WITH THE DUKE (LEFT), LISTENING TO A LOYAL ADDRESS FROM THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE CHEERED BY 20,000 SCHOOLCHILDREN: THE HAPPY AND ENTHUSIASTIC SCENE AS THE ROYAL PAIR DROVE THROUGH THE LINES OF YOUTH.



AT THE KING'S HOUSE RECEPTION ON NOVEMBER 26: PRESENTATIONS BEING MADE TO HER MAJESTY. THE DUKE IS ON THE RIGHT AND H.E. THE GOVERNOR ON THE LEFT.



THE STATE BANQUET AT KING'S HOUSE, KINGSTON, ON NOVEMBER 26: THE QUEEN WITH, TO THE RIGHT OF HER, H.E. THE GOVERNOR, SIR HUGH FOOT, AND BEYOND HIM THE DUKE.

The three days of the Royal stay in Jamaica will live in the memories of the people of the Island for many years. On November 26 the chief official event was her Majesty's visit to Headquarters House, as the Legislative Building is called. Seated in the Speaker's Chair, with the Duke on a smaller chair on a lower step of the dais, the Queen heard the Address of Welcome by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who thanked her for "important reforms" in the Jamaican Constitution, and she then delivered a speech which



THE DEPARTURE FROM JAMAICA ON NOVEMBER 27: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON BOARD THE ROYAL BARGE WHICH CONVEYED THEM TO THE GOTHIC.

evoked the warmest satisfaction among Jamaican politicians. But if this event was the most historic, the rally of 20,000 schoolchildren must rank as the most joyful. A children's choir sang as her Majesty and the Duke drove down the lines of the massed columns in Sabina Park; and a fifteen-year-old girl delivered the Address of Welcome. A military parade and a tree-planting ceremony were other items in the day's programme, which ended with a State dinner at King's House and a reception.





ROYAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF JAMAICA'S LOYAL WELCOME: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WAVING TO CHEERING CROWDS AT THE RODNEY MEMORIAL, SPANISH TOWN, ON NOVEMBER 25.

The warmth of the welcome which the Queen and the Duke received during their visit to Jamaica, largest island of the British West Indies, was given smiling acknowledgment by the young Sovereign and her Consort. Our photograph shows them waving happily to the cheering crowds who greeted them at Spanish Town, the ancient capital of Jamaica, which they visited on November 25 during the course of their 120-mile drive from Montego Bay, where their *Stratocruiser Canopus* touched down at 9.54 a.m. (local time), to Kingston, the capital. A halt

was made at the Silver Sands Beach Club for lunch, and the Queen and the Duke bathed. They are seen at the Rodney Memorial, which commemorates the great victory of April 12, 1782, when Admiral Rodney (1718-1792), by defeating the French under Comte de Grasse, saved Jamaica and destroyed French naval prestige. Rodney had thirty-five sail and the French thirty-three, but the enemy ships were of greater size and had superior sailing qualities. Five were taken and one sunk after eleven hours fighting.



## "THIS SCEPTER'D ISLE."

"THE STORY OF ENGLAND. MAKERS OF THE REALM"; By ARTHUR BRYANT.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

DR. ARTHUR BRYANT is working on a new History of England. There are to be three volumes, and the present one, which takes us as far as the accession of Edward I., is the first. Long ago, in his volumes on Pepys, Dr. Bryant proved his capacity for handling original documents. Later, in his books about the Napoleonic period, he demonstrated his ability to make a panoramic scene of the events of a period. And now he has set out to do for his generation what Green did for an earlier one; to survey and summarise the long story of this island, with special attention not merely to "great" political, constitutional and military events, but to the daily lives of people and all their main activities, artistic, and other: to sketch not merely the characters of outstanding men, but the tempers, opinions and habits of the countless obscure, in each successive age.

Original research for every phase of such a work would, of course, be impossible for any one man; and Dr. Bryant disclaims it. The devoted, and frequently dull, scholars who pore for years over special aspects of the Wool Trade and such things are there to do such donkey-work: they are valuable if they illuminate a page or a paragraph apiece in a general work like this. Dr. Bryant's reading of such must have been on a heroic scale. He has digested his material so well that his narrative flows with easy continuity and reveals no more trace of effort than Sir Walter Scott's novels, some of which are very good history indeed.

Lord Macaulay, in one of those almost terrifyingly mature essays of his early manhood, gave an outline of the qualities which should be displayed by the sort of historian which he afterwards proved himself to be. "Bishop Watson," he remarked, "compares a geologist to a gnat mounted on an elephant, and lays down theories as to the whole internal structure of the vast animal, from the phenomena of the hide. The comparison is unjust to the geologists; but is very applicable to those historians who look only on the surface of affairs, and never think of the mighty and various organisation which lies deep below." There were, he went on, histories of England in the reign of George II. in which the rise of Methodism was not even mentioned. "A hundred years hence," said he, "this breed of authors will, we hope, be extinct," and then proceeded to compare the student of such works with the men who "travel far, and return with minds as contracted as if they had never stirred from their own market-town." The man, he suggested, who should write an ideal history of England, would certainly not omit the battles, sieges, negotiations and ministerial changes, but he would include much that the conventional scholars had overlooked: "A truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated."

For instance: "The early part of our imaginary history would be rich with colouring from romance, ballad and chronicle. We should find ourselves in the company of knights such as those of Froissart, and pilgrims such as those who rode with Chaucer from the Tabard. Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest—from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw; from the throne of the legate to the chimney corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders—the stately monastery, with the good cheer in its refectory and the high-mass in its chapel—the manor-house, with its hunting and hawking—the tournament, with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets and the cloth of

gold—would give truth and life to the representation. We should perceive, in a thousand slight touches, the importance of the privileged burgher, and the fierce and haughty spirit which swelled under the collar of the degraded villein. . . . We should see towns extended, deserts cultivated, the hamlets of fishermen turned into wealthy havens, the meal of the peasant improved, and his hut more commodiously furnished."

I have quoted Macaulay at length—and might pertinently have quoted him at still greater length—because what he desired is precisely what Dr. Bryant has achieved. He begins in "the dark, backward and abyss of time" and sketches the earliest traceable changes in climate, in vegetation, in population, and in

of thought, the daily round of eating and drinking, tools, medicines, agriculture and commerce, games and junketings, with here and there a snatch of revealing song. Dr. Bryant is too



DR. ARTHUR BRYANT, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Dr. Arthur Bryant, who has contributed to "Our Note Book" every week since the death of G. K. Chesterton in 1936, was born in 1899 and educated at Harrow and Queen's College, Oxford. He is a barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple. He has many academic distinctions, and is the author of a large number of outstanding works on Samuel Pepys, Charles II., the growth of the Royal Navy, and a series of books on England.

sound a historian to allow his excitement about the personal and scenic aspects of his theme to tempt him to neglect the more mechanical aspects. He sees these as springing from, and interwoven with the former: and the novice who reads his pages will find himself absorbing, perhaps almost unwittingly, a great deal of solid information about the development of our legal, political and ecclesiastical institutions, financial and economic organisation, land-tenure and the interrelations of classes and offices. He spares us over-many figures and he is mercifully frugal with footnotes.

But the essential illustrative data are always there.

Few historians with Dr. Bryant's academic and technical equipment have shown his ability to comprehend our national growth and activity in all their many aspects. He is as much at home in a cloister as in a law-court, as ardently interested in the Book of Kells as in the Constitutions of Clarendon. His love of his country, which is marked by an almost religious fervour, is comprehensive to a degree and will be communicated to generations of impressionable youth.

I do not intend to imply that it is solely or mainly a book for the young. Even the most aged and best instructed of Englishmen must derive stimulus and

information from it. But it is likely to become a standard general history, and one through whose portals multitudes of the young are likely to pass, never to forget the experience or to lose traces of it. It therefore occurs to me that, later, an edition might be published with select illustrations; not of cathedral fronts which, superb though they are, are familiar to everybody who looks at the advertisements on our railway stations, and certainly not drawn from fanciful reconstructions of the Battle of Hastings or of the assassination of St. Thomas à Becket—who, by the way, lives vigorously in these pages—but of enlightening pages from manuscripts, odd typical specimens of architectural detail, ground-plans of castle and church, and authentic portraits—a page, perhaps, from the Exeter MS., an effigy from a Crusader's tomb.

There are two volumes to come. How on earth Dr. Bryant will contrive to compress his materials when dealing with those later centuries while still retaining the glow and seeming simplicity of the present volume, is beyond my conjecture. But that he will succeed I do not doubt. His enthusiasm will carry him through the thorniest of jungles and over the most formidable of obstacles.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 944 of this issue.



FOUND IN THE "BIKINI" WELL IN THE HEART OF THE CITY OF LONDON: THE UPPER PORTION OF A ROMAN WOODEN LADDER—NEARLY 8 FT. IN LENGTH—DATING FROM THE FIRST CENTURY. THE RUNGS ARE EFFICIENTLY MORTICED AND TENONED.



ALSO FOUND IN THE SQUARE, TIMBER-LINED WELL: AN IRON KEY OF A ROMAN "TUMBLER" LOCK.



DATING FROM A.D. 40 TO A.D. 80: A FINE BOWL OF RED SOUTH GAULISH WARE STAMPED "OP. CRESTIO," i.e., "FROM THE FACTORY OF CRESTIO," WHO WORKED AT LA GRAU-FESENQUE, IN SOUTHERN GAUL. THIS BOWL WAS FOUND

NEAR THE "BIKINI" AND OTHER OBJECTS IN A ROMAN WELL IN THE CITY OF LONDON.



IN USE NEARLY NINETEEN CENTURIES AGO: A WOODEN SPOON OR SCOOP EXCAVATED FROM THE FIRST-CENTURY ROMAN WELL.

In our issue of November 7, 1953, we illustrated a Roman "Bikini"—or leather drawers—recently excavated in a Roman well of first-century date in the City of London. We now show on this page, by courtesy of the Directors of the Guildhall Museum, a number of other objects found near the "Bikini" in the filling of the well. One of the discoveries, part of a Roman ladder shown above, is about 8 ft. long, and is made of oak, with rungs about 20 ins. apart. The top of the ladder was 6 ft. from the original surface of the well and 25 ft. below the present street-level.

culture: and then, with the coming of the Romans, the pageant, ever clearer and more densely manned, begins. He uses a novelist's talents to vivify ascertained facts: and character after character, by dint of sure selection and graphic phrase, takes the scene as a comprehensible person: not merely kings like Alfred (very memorably drawn), the Conqueror, Henry II., that great patron of the arts Henry III., and his son Edward; but archbishops, justiciars and great barons. Yet all the while we are aware of the face of the land, the gradual urban growth, the conflicts

\* "The Story of England: I.—Makers of the Realm." By Arthur Bryant. (Collins; 16s.)





ADVANCING TOWARDS THE REBEL BASE OF PHU-NHO-QUAN: FRANCO-VIET NAM TROOPS, SUPPORTED BY TANKS, WHO ENGAGED THE VIET MINH 320TH DIVISION IN FIERCE FIGHTING.



ABLAZE AFTER A NAPALM AERIAL BOMBARDMENT: THE VIET MINH BASE OF PHU-NHO-QUAN; SHOWING A FRANCO-VIET NAM TANK COVERING THE ADVANCE OF PARATROOPS.

#### A FRENCH SUCCESS IN INDO-CHINA: THE ATTACK ON THE VIET MINH BASE OF PHU-NHO-QUAN, SOUTH-WEST OF HANOI.

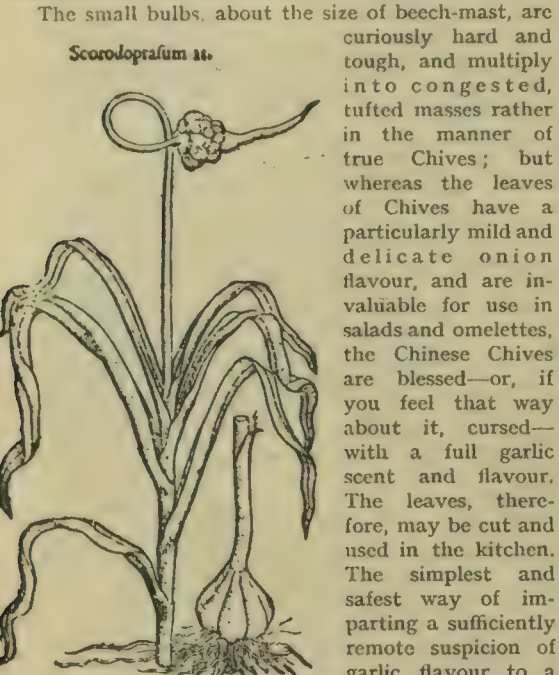
Early in November Franco-Viet Nam forces were engaged in fierce fighting in and around Phu-Nho-Quan, a small town in a strategic position to the west of Ninh-Binh, some sixty miles south-west of Hanoi, which was the Viet Minh's crack 320th Division's main supply base. After a preliminary napalm bombardment the Franco-Viet Nam forces went into action, supported by tanks and artillery, and inflicted severe losses on the enemy. This offensive formed part of "Operation Mouette," a sweep carried out in the area south of the Red River Delta; from which the Viet Minh were known to be planning an

autumn campaign against the Delta forces. In an order of the day issued to mark a victory, the French Commander-in-Chief in Indo-China, General Navarre, spoke of the 320th Viet Minh Division as being "out of action for several weeks." On November 7 it was announced that "Operation Mouette" was over and that French Union forces had withdrawn successfully to their bases in the Delta. It has been pointed out that the recent campaign was not one to capture territory but to show that the Franco-Viet Nam forces are in a position to seize the initiative and carry out a "spoiling" operation when required.





IN writing about Chinese Chives—*Allium tuberosum*—last week, I ran out of space and so had to leave unsaid one or two quite unimportant things which had started queueing up at the tip of my pen. Perhaps it was that I chattered at too great length about even less important matters. *Allium tuberosum* is a pleasant dual-purpose plant to have about the place, without perhaps being of top-level garden or culinary importance. The colony which, during the last three or four years, has become established at the front of a mixed border in my garden, made a pretty, if not a breath-taking, picture this summer, from August until well into October. The heads of white, starry, hawthorn-scented flowers are carried on 12- to 18-in. stems.



IMITATING A FLAMINGO AT ITS TOILET": THE SERPENT GARLIC, *ALLIUM CONTROVERSUM*, FROM THE 1601 WOODCUT IN *RARIORUM PLANTARUM HISTORIA* OF CLUSIUS.

The small bulbs, about the size of beech-mast, are curiously hard and tough, and multiply into congested, tufted masses rather in the manner of true Chives; but whereas the leaves of Chives have a particularly mild and delicate onion flavour, and are invaluable for use in salads and omelettes, the Chinese Chives are blessed—or, if you feel that way about it, cursed—with a full garlic scent and flavour. The leaves, therefore, may be cut and used in the kitchen. The simplest and safest way of imparting a sufficiently remote suspicion of garlic flavour to a salad is to bruise the leaves and rub them once round the inside of the salad bowl. The same method should be employed when using the normal garlic. A single clove, cut in half and rubbed round the bowl, gives just the right suggestive hint of flavour. There is, too, the legendary technique attributed to one of the more celebrated French chefs—I forget which. In this method the cook just nibbles a clove of garlic and then *breathes* over the dish. I do not take the Chinese Chives very seriously for culinary purposes. It is so easy these days to buy a few bulbs of real garlic, or even to grow a few in the garden. But a patch of the Chinese variety grown in the flower border or in the herb garden may occasionally prove a useful stand-by if one should run out of the normal bulbs. I hope I may be forgiven for expounding these simple and elementary ways of using garlic with the delicacy that is so essential. My excuse is that I so often meet folk who think that they dislike garlic, and never weary of saying how they detest it, when what they really dislike is not the use, the proper use, but the abuse of this invaluable herb. A salad or an omelette which has been seasoned with whole snippets of garlic, no matter how small, can be, and almost inevitably is, quite revolting. Time after time I have watched anti-garlic friends tucking into and thoroughly relishing a salad or other dish in which garlic formed a discreet and subtle background. There is however one occasion on which I thoroughly enjoy the flavour of garlic at full blast. A few thin slices of Salami sausage in the lunch packet for an all-day outing in the Alps can be supremely good. So much better than those eternal hard-boiled eggs for helping down the lengths of crusty bread.

In his "Notes on the Genus *Allium* in the Old World," from which I quoted last week, Mr. William T. Stearn gives an account of the curious *Allium controversum*, which he says has been "recommended to the connoisseur of oddity for its complete and wayward irrelevance"; and he quotes further from Jason Hill's inimitable description: "Its beak-shaped flower-heads writhe upwards in elaborate

## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

### CHINESE CHIVES AGAIN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

curves and coils, imitating a flamingo at its toilet, and sometimes tying themselves in knots. . . . It is quite in character that this studied performance is a prelude to nothing in particular, and that the flower-head, when at last it appears, discloses only a few onion flowers and a bunch of bulbils." "This contortionist," adds Mr. Stearn, "grows about 2 ft. high. It is an old garden plant, being figured by Clusius in 1601." Clusius's figure of *Allium controversum*—the Serpent Garlic—shows clearly how apt is Jason Hill's description—"imitating a flamingo at its toilet." An ideal plant for folk who like plants "for queer." But is there, I wonder, any nurseryman in this country who stocks this comic freak? I doubt it. Yet, catalogued with Jason Hill's description, it should command moderate sales.

I seem to remember mentioning in a previous article a grafted walnut-tree, of one of the French varieties, "Mayette," which I planted in my garden five or six years ago. This autumn it again carried quite a nice crop of walnuts—for its size—and again it managed to do this parthenogenetically—that is to say, without benefit of pollen-bearing catkins. The female flowers can not have received any fertilising pollen, either from this tree or any other. This seems to me to be a remarkable feat, and certainly a very satisfactory one, for the nuts are of excellent size and quality. Planting grafted specimens of good named varieties of walnut is well worth the extra expense of

"Marron de Lyon," which produces big, fat chestnuts, which are far more worth while than the small chestnuts that are usually produced in this country, sweet and acceptable though they are. My "Marron de Lyon" tree, which only stands between 4 and 5 ft. high, produced this summer, for the first time, a fine show of the long, heavily-scented male catkins, and at the same time, on the extreme tips of some of the branches, a sprinkling of promising-looking female, or nut-bearing, flowers. This seemed highly satisfactory, and promising for a crop of big chestnuts, and I watched the prickly, green, hedgehog container husks with the greatest interest as they swelled and swelled. At last one morning I noticed that the husks were beginning to split open and were ready to come away from their branches without resistance. I gathered the lot and opened them up. Not one single worth-while chestnut was there. All were those miserable flat chestnuts—or should it be flat-chested nuts?—that one finds slipped in, apparently as packing, between the fertile chestnuts in a normal husk.

This was odd. My walnut has fruited without the aid of pollen, whilst the chestnut, despite all the pollen, one would have thought, that the heart of nut could desire, had produced nothing but this showy yet abortive demonstration. Perhaps when it is a little older the tree will do better. Meanwhile



CHINESE CHIVES GROWING IN MR. ELLIOTT'S GARDEN. A DUAL-PURPOSE PLANT WITH "WHITE, STARRY, HAWTHORN-SCENTED FLOWERS . . . ON TWELVE- TO EIGHTEEN-INCH STEMS" WHICH CAN BE ADMIRER FOR THEIR BEAUTY OR CONSUMED IN SALADS FOR THEIR FLAVOUR. [Photograph by J. R. Jameson.]

buying the special trees, for they appear to fruit at a much earlier stage than the ordinary, ungrafted trees which have been raised direct from planted nuts, and which may—when they decide to fruit—produce good, bad, or indifferent nuts.

A young sweet-chestnut tree which I planted three or four years ago has given me a tiresome disappointment this autumn. It is the variety called

there will be no difficulty about buying imported sweet-chestnuts for roasting of a winter's evening. But that will not be the same thing as roasting my own great, fat, super, home-grown chestnuts. What a strange fascination there is about roasted chestnuts, especially if they are slightly charred on one side and smell accordingly!

I remember years ago an elderly member came into the smoking-room of my club in London. It was a raw November evening. He was carrying, with infinite care, a small paper bag. He was an enormously rich man, a bullion merchant or something of that sort, and I thought for the moment that his little bag must contain some pearl of great price, or perhaps an outside in blue diamonds. He came across to where I was standing and, putting two fingers into the bag, said with the most charming, friendly benevolence: "Have one, Elliott," as he produced one of five nicely roasted chestnuts which he had just bought at one of those glowing street-corner stalls. Although it was not a pearl or a blue diamond, to spare one out of only five roasted chestnuts was generosity indeed!

#### FOR THE CHRISTMAS LIST.

The annual problems of Christmas shopping will soon have to be solved and gifts for relatives and friends chosen. A solution may be found in two ways: either by ordering a copy of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, which has been on sale in its familiar red and gold cover since November 19 (price 3s. 6d.; 3s. 10d. including postage), or by taking out a subscription for the year or half-year in the friend's or relative's name. The first will prove an acceptable gift in the Christmas season, while the second will serve to remind the recipient of the donor's affection over a longer period and provide weeks of pleasure. No gift will be appreciated more by those overseas than a subscription to this paper. Orders for the Christmas Number and for subscriptions can now be taken, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

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## PRINCESS MARGARET IN THE CITY, AND ENGLAND'S FOOTBALL DEFEAT.



ARRIVING AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET BEING RECEIVED BY SIR JOHN BRAITHWAITE IN THE PRESENCE OF A LARGE CROWD.

On November 25 Princess Margaret paid an informal visit to the Stock Exchange, where she saw the "House" at work from the new public gallery. She was received on her arrival by Sir John Braithwaite,

the chairman, and by Mr. Frank Doran and Mr. Richard Twining, the two deputy chairmen. Later Princess Margaret had luncheon in the council room with members of the Stock Exchange Council.



BEFORE THE START OF THE MATCH AGAINST ENGLAND AT WEMBLEY: THE EARL OF ATHLONE SHAKING HANDS WITH MEMBERS OF THE HUNGARIAN TEAM.

England's footballers, previously unbeaten on British soil by a side from outside these islands, suffered a heavy defeat at Wembley on November 25, when they met a great side from Hungary, the Olympic champions. Hungary won by 6-3, inflicting the heaviest defeat on England since they were beaten by Scotland 6-1



SHAKING HANDS WITH MEMBERS OF THE ENGLAND TEAM BEFORE THE MATCH AGAINST HUNGARY ON NOVEMBER 25: THE EARL OF ATHLONE.

at the Oval seventy-two years ago. Only once before has a Continental country scored as many as five goals against England, France doing so in Paris in 1931. The match was watched by some 100,000 people, who saw England outpaced and outmanoeuvred by a great team from behind the Iron Curtain.



"BERMUDA" has been so far a luckless name. The conference which it was proposed to hold there had to be abandoned, and now the revived project is viewed with mixed feelings. The situation is less favourable in view of the latest Soviet Note, which dashed hopes that Russian policy was becoming more accommodating. However, the Note itself provides an extra reason for holding a meeting of this kind without undue delay. If the programme is to be adhered to on this occasion the conference will be meeting on the day on which this article appears in print. It might have been expected—though probably only by the uninitiated—that the French Government would have received the invitation to Bermuda on this occasion with satisfaction. It put France, at a period when she was only too conscious of weakness and frustration, on a level with the United States and the United Kingdom. It accorded clear recognition to her special position in view of her relations with Germany and of the European Defence Community treaty which she had designed and which the triumph of Dr. Adenauer in the elections in Western Germany had made a subject more pressing than ever.

In fact, the invitation was received in a spirit which can be described only as one of dismay. French spokesmen asked, at least in private, what was the good of a meeting envisaging vast international problems, and perhaps most of all the E.D.C. treaty, to conclude nine days before the French Presidential elections. Surely, they said, it was obvious that no worse moment could have been selected in which to demand of France a categorical statement of her views on E.D.C. and kindred subjects. This comment sounds reasonable, but in fact it is partial and does not cover all the reasons for French embarrassment. Had France been in a healthy political condition, had the Government been a strong one, had public opinion been united or even clear, the Presidential election—which is under the French constitution a domestic issue, causing hardly a ripple on the surface of the political waters by comparison with the six-month tempest in the United States—would have mattered very much less. It would be too much to say that it has been put forward as a smoke-screen, because in present circumstances it does assume some international importance. But the reason for this is mainly French political weakness.

Let us look at this weakness in two aspects: first, that which is definite and material; secondly, that which is psychological. The present French Government is in a difficult situation because the important Gaullist vote—still important though weakened—which might be given to it in most circumstances, will never be given to it on the issue of E.D.C. The whole idea is detested by the Gaullists. The Government cannot obtain this much-needed support—and, it would seem, cannot avoid Gaullist opposition—except at the price of refusal to ratify the E.D.C. treaty or at all events putting off the decision once more and entering upon a new phase of negotiation. On the other wing it can hardly get support on any terms. The loose and untrustworthy combinations on which French Governments are based are unsatisfactory in principle, but when an issue of this nature and scope arises they become so noxious that they may result in paralysing French foreign policy. This state of affairs is only too near at hand to-day.

The psychological aspect is more melancholy still. When M. Reynaud spoke of France as being "sick," one of the signs of sickness which he clearly had in mind was the weakness of public opinion. The shadow of Russia looms black and threatening to the east, and, whereas the West Germans, who are so much closer, regard it coolly and objectively, it seems to deprive some large sections of French opinion of the power of consecutive thought. Ideas flutter wildly, like birds in an aviary when a cat pokes a paw through the bars. Behind is that nagging United States. The arguments in the most influential of French newspapers in the field of foreign politics often read like a dialogue in a Sartre play. It is clearly impossible, says the chance acquaintance at the café table to the inquiring Briton, for the French to maintain Indo-China and seriously defend Western Europe,

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FROM PARIS TO BERMUDA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

and it is unreasonable to ask that they should. He sits back, pleased with his exposition of the famous French logic which the Briton is told he lacks and ought to envy. In truth, the defence of Western Europe is not a matter of reason or unreason, but life and death.

Ever and anon the feeling asserts itself that France may assume a central position between the two worlds. Perhaps—who knows?—she might eventually reconcile them and thus play a part in peace which would outshine all her greatest achievements in war and bring blessings on her head from all the nations of the world. Practicable or not in theory, this policy has no chance of success, because it is in itself half-hearted and is held neither firmly nor widely. It represents rather casual speculation than advocacy of policy. It is not merely a matter of decisions being hard to reach; the demand that they should be called for in itself arouses resentment. Cooler and more assured elements pursue their way with courage, but they do not get their fair share of support and their voices are too often interrupted by purposeless chatter. I have known France and constantly visited her soil for the last forty-five years, but I cannot recall a time when she appeared to be so little sure of herself. In this respect

recognise that the French Government is handicapped by its apparent inability to find a formula for the future relations between the Saar and France acceptable to Dr. Adenauer, and that it is never likely to have to deal with a West German Chancellor more reasonable or more patient than he is. Even in internal West German politics the issue is still not quite clear. This

much acknowledged, it must be evident that the United States and the United Kingdom cannot afford to leave the whole question eternally in the melting-pot, where many Frenchmen would like to keep it. Year by year decision has been put off, mainly by the action or inaction of France. If one thing is certain in this matter it is that, left to herself, France in her present mood is unlikely to make a decision one way or the other, but would go on debating it as if it were purely academic. Genuine sympathy for France has been expressed in both countries, and is clearly felt. Her special situation is realised. Had it not been, pressure for a decision would have been harder. The determination of the two Governments that something should be done is not unreasonable; it is, in fact, overdue.

Certain voices in Britain, from the right wing as well as the left, have also been announcing their hostility to E.D.C. and its implications. If the speakers think that killing E.D.C. will kill German rearmament in the long run, they are mistaken. It is certain that this will come eventually. Should it develop on German initiative alone, without the safeguards which E.D.C. provides, it may take a form less welcome to the French than that which could be

created with their co-operation. If it were unwelcome to the French, it would not be satisfactory to us, even though the matter concerns France rather more closely than Britain. A treaty between the United Kingdom and the countries of E.D.C., the necessity of which M. Bidault said that the British Government recognised, is something worth having. The other day the British Prime Minister, in rejecting the proposal for an annual review of the period of national service in this country, made it known that one of his reasons was to let our friends see that we were not faltering in our resolve to play our part in the defence of Western Europe.

The latest Soviet Note and the general change in the Russian attitude does not put an end to the hopes of those who are striving for peace, but it does render the situation less promising than it seemed to be after the death of Stalin. The price asked for discussion may fairly be said to be a grave weakening of the strength of the Western Powers to resist aggression. This price is too high. The change may have been brought about by the internal revolution through which Russia has since passed, but we cannot say so

positively, nor can we even be sure that a real change in policy has occurred. The subject is of great, but not primary, interest. It is overshadowed by the need for security. Progress towards that goal has undoubtedly been made since the signature of the North Atlantic Treaty, but it is still not sufficient. The E.D.C. may not offer the ideal way of increasing it, but it does appear to be a workable solution, and it is that which was put forward by France herself.

To sum up, this country has understood the difficulties of France. Those who know France best, and best appreciate her continuing value to Europe and civilisation, realise that her convalescence is not yet over and hope sincerely that she will regain her political and social health. They take note of the energy she has shown in the work of post-war reconstruction and regard it as proof that she retains strong spiritual resources. It is not fair to say that the British Government has shown itself impatient or petulant. Even retrospect upon the years which have been in part wasted is not leading to reproach. But a decision on the E.D.C. cannot be much longer avoided. It will have to be made, one way or the other. If it goes against the project, some other will have to be adopted, and it would be too much to expect that another period of years should be used up in putting a new plan into operation. Determination that this should not happen will not be a sign of either impatience or petulance.



SCENE OF THE THREE-POWER CONFERENCE AT BERMUDA: THE MID-OCEAN CLUB AT HAMILTON WHERE SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND M. LANIEL AGREED TO MEET TO DISCUSS EUROPEAN AND WORLD PROBLEMS. The Bermuda Conference, postponed in July owing to Sir Winston Churchill's illness, has been arranged to take place from December 4 to December 8 at the Mid-Ocean Club in Hamilton, where it was to be held originally. The Mid-Ocean Club, which can be seen in our photograph, has accommodation for 100, one of the finest golf-courses in the Western Hemisphere, and a lovely beach. In his article on this page Captain Cyril Falls discusses the French Government's reaction to the invitation to the Bermuda Conference, at which it is thought that every effort will be made to encourage the ratification of the E.D.C. Treaty by France. He says that "this country has understood the difficulties of France. . . . It is not fair to say that the British Government has shown itself impatient or petulant. Even retrospect upon the years which have been in part wasted is not leading to reproach. But a decision on the E.D.C. cannot be much longer avoided. It will have to be made, one way or the other." Other photographs of Bermuda appear elsewhere in this issue.

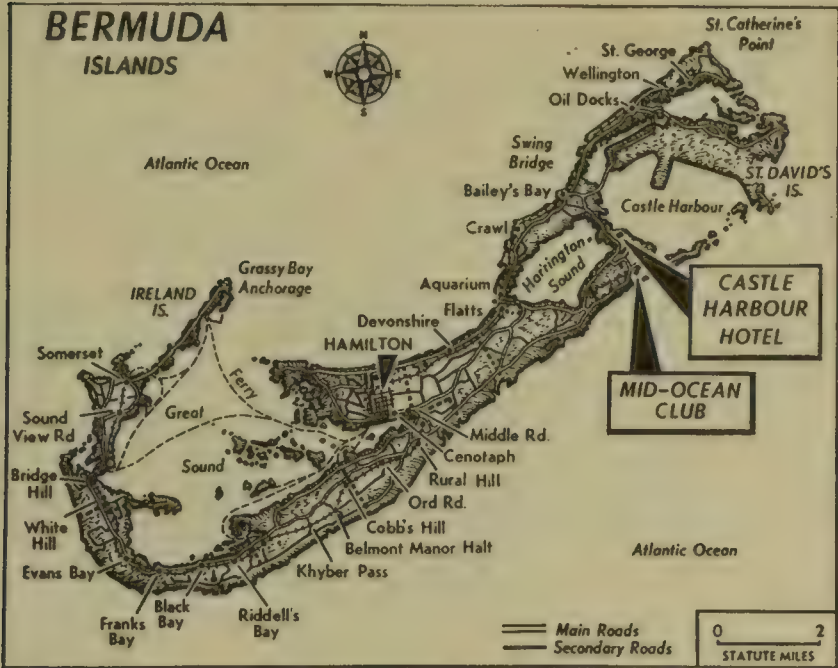
there has been a deterioration from the post-war years, when some very clear-cut ideas were in evidence and high hopes were entertained which have since been cheated.

In these circumstances the compliment of the invitation to Bermuda was not appreciated in France, though the invitation itself could not be refused. It revealed too clearly to the world the perplexities and doubts by which French policy was beset. The prospect that the French representatives would have to go to Bermuda without the power to commit France to any definite policy on the E.D.C. or the narrower subject of German rearmament was naturally unwelcome. It thus showed great courage and determination on the part of M. Bidault, the French Foreign Minister, that he should have taken the line he did in the long speech of November 20, in the midst of which he collapsed, leaving the remainder of his oration to be read by M. Maurice Schumann. He did not hesitate to go directly to the question of German rearmament and he revealed that he had obtained the opinion of Marshal Juin, who had informed him in the clearest terms that German forces were indispensable. He did not allow the Assembly to forget, as it seemed to be doing, that nine months ago it had given its approval to the inclusion of German forces in a European Army.

The debate was afterwards adjourned, and I cannot follow its course to its close. We must



THIS WEEK'S CONFERENCE: BERMUDA—SITE OF THE STATESMEN'S MEETING.



INDICATING THE POSITION OF THE CASTLE HARBOUR HOTEL AND THE MID-OCEAN CLUB, CHOSEN FOR USE AT THE THREE POWER CONFERENCE: A MAP OF BERMUDA.



THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE BRITISH COLONY WHICH HAS TWICE IN TWO WEEKS BEEN A CENTRE OF WORLD INTEREST: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BERMUDA.

TWICE within a short space of time Bermuda has been the focus of world interest. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited it on November 24 on their Commonwealth Tour; and this week the Three Power Conference, postponed from July, owing to the Prime Minister's illness, was due to open there. Sir Winston Churchill and the Foreign Secretary, accompanied by Lord Cherwell, Lord Moran, Sir Norman Brook, Sir Pierson Dixon, Deputy Under-Secretary of State, and other officials, arranged to leave on December 1 in the B.O.A.C. *Stratocruiser Canopus* (in which the Queen and the Duke flew to Bermuda); and President Eisenhower planned to fly there on December 4, the day the Conference was due to open; while the French Prime Minister, M. Laniel, was expected to arrive on December 2 and, like Sir Winston Churchill and President Eisenhower, to stay at the Mid-Ocean Club, which is illustrated elsewhere.



SITUATED ON THE GREAT SOUND: A VIEW OF HAMILTON, THE CAPITAL OF BERMUDA, TO WHICH THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE FOREIGN SECRETARY ARRANGED TO FLY ON DECEMBER 1 FOR THE THREE POWER CONFERENCE.



NEAR THE AIRPORT AT KINDLEY FIELD: THE CASTLE HARBOUR HOTEL, CHOSEN FOR USE AT THE THREE POWER CONFERENCE.



SEEN FROM THE AIR: THE UNITED STATES NAVAL BASE IN THE GREAT SOUND, BERMUDA. IN THE FOREGROUND, BELOW THE RAILWAY BRIDGE, IS THE NARROW DRAWBRIDGE CONNECTING SOMERSET WITH THE MAIN ISLAND.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### BOOKS ON PAINTING.\*

By FRANK DAVIS.

whence they bring down theories, treatises, pseudo-histories, misinterpretations, romances, gnosticisms, occult theologies, ponderous treatises on the relation of art to the class-struggle, to plagues and epidemics, to the trade in paint-brushes, to the price of canvas, to the rent of studios, to the kindness of hostesses, to dyspepsia, to the mother-complex, to occupational diseases, etc. They are given to taking periods of history which in themselves are infinitely rich and varied and boundless, and to packing and locking them in with a label."

In "Seeing and Knowing"—written in the summer of 1948—the same ever-youthful pen takes for its subject not a single painter but all art, and compresses into forty brief pages, with eighty-eight illustrations, more wit and good sense than the majority of us could distil out of forty fat volumes. It is always agreeable to discover that opinions more than once expressed on this page, though not so neatly, are held in so distinguished a quarter as this. "The most remarkable draughtsman still alive has taken advantage of his skill to hide his true gifts. . . . Perhaps in deepest secret he draws in orthodox fashion everything he bedevils while painting, as I have been assured Joyce wrote out in plain King's English what he fricasséed for his printed prose." (Illustrations to these words—a magisterial drawing of Vollard, the Paris picture dealer, and an insanely distorted portrait of a woman. The author of both, needless to say, is Pablo Picasso.) What a quotable book! With inhuman self-control, I extract nothing further than this: "I do not want the reader to leave me with the idea that I expect the confusion, struttings, blusterings, solemn puerilities that are now practised, taught, admired and proclaimed to last for ever. . . . In the past ages, art has sunk as low, although probably with no such smirking self-adulation as it has to-day."

In "Russian Icons" we have some admirable colour-work from Switzerland and the opportunity, aided by a judicious text by Philipp Schweinfurth, to make up our minds about the quality of the paintings produced for Russian churches over several centuries. The whole tradition is based upon Byzantine exemplars, and it is surprising to note how rigidly the painters were faithful to the ancient hieratic forms, a picture of about the year 1700, for example, keeping to the same patterns as one of three or four hundred years earlier; still more surprising is the grace and warmth which is distilled over so many years into a formula which could so easily have become desiccated and dull.

An addition to the considerable literature on John Sell Cotman (1782-1842) is provided by Mr. Victor Reinaecker, who, in addition to detailed and interesting appendices, e.g., maps of the painter's journeys and a reprint of the catalogue of the 1888 Norwich exhibition and of James Reeves' memoir of the artist, boldly attempts a fresh appraisal of Cotman's achievement by means of concepts beautifully expressed, which, to the earth-bound among us, may appear either nebulous or extravagant. This, for example, appears to me to be a little difficult: "Between the artist and his art must be that perfect detachment which is the pure medium of love. He must never make use of this love except for its own perfect expression. In everyday life we move in a narrow circle of immediate self-interest. And therefore our feelings and events, within that short range, become prominent subjects for ourselves. In their vehement self-assertion they ignore their unity with the All. They rise up like obstructions and obscure their own background. But art gives our personality the disinterested freedom of

the eternal, there to find its true perspective." It is, though, not fair to quote one of the author's more opaque passages and leave it at that; many will find these and similar sentences crystal-clear, the more obtuse and unenlightened among us will wander rather shyly amid what to us is amorphous mysticism little in keeping



"BOY BITTEN BY A LIZARD"; BY MICHELANGELO MERISI DA CARAVAGGIO (1573-1610). (The Longhi Collection, Florence.)

"Perhaps it was a growing sense of the contrast between still life and life in action that led Caravaggio to the experiment of the Boy and the Lizard. . . . It was a brave attempt to render movement, but the result is strained and unconvincing," writes Roger Hinks. [Reproduced from "Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio"; by Courtesy of the publishers.]

National Gallery), which is the frontispiece to Mr. Roger Hinks's study of his life and work, and the gulf between subtle and tender dignity and theatricalism is even more marked. Be that as it may, he is an important figure in the history of art, and this careful survey of his achievement is more than welcome, especially so, as it is the first full-length book about him in English. Whether by design or accident, it appears at the same time as a slighter and more light-hearted essay by Mr. Bernard Berenson—"Caravaggio: His Incongruity and his Fame"—translated from the Italian. This, by the way, is referred to in the bibliography of the former book in the following slightly ambiguous terms: "which a mature student will read with amusement and profit, but which should not be *mis entre toutes les mains*." What Mr. Hinks means, I suppose, is that the lively and rapier-like Berensonian thrusts at art-historians and their pedantries might induce the young and innocent to think for themselves. But the French phrase, to the French, implies that there is something a trifle shocking and amoral about the Berenson book, which I am quite sure was not Mr. Hinks's intention when he chose this particular expression. Anyway, I found each book illuminating, the first for its solid scholarship, the second for the sparkling wisdom which adorns every page as B. B. approaches his ninetieth birthday. This sort of thing: "For German-minded authors a work of art is only a springboard from which to plunge into turbid depths of the subumbilical subconscious or to rise with leaden wings into an empyrean



"YOUNG BACCHUS"; BY MICHELANGELO MERISI DA CARAVAGGIO. (The Uffizi, Florence.)

"What could have been in the artist's mind when he painted this image?" asks Mr. Bernard Berenson in his book on Caravaggio, after pointing out that it is "As a figure almost more Eastern than Italian, closer to Indo-Chinese sculpture. . . ." [Reproduced from "Caravaggio: His Incongruity and his Fame"; by Courtesy of the publishers.]

with the simplicity of Cotman himself, who fulfilled his destiny in his own way, which, unfortunately for him, was a way which his contemporaries did not appreciate.

I would suggest that to base a whole theory of aesthetics upon the work of a single man is building upon too narrow a foundation—which is another way of saying that I would have preferred from this very sensitive critic two books, one about Cotman, his life and works, another about the philosophy of art, with illustrations drawn from a far wider range, both East and West. As it is, the modest, unsuccessful and exquisite Cotman is enlarged into a world-shaking figure, which seems to me faulty casting.

In another book, "Charles Knight, R.W.S., R.O.I.," by Michael Brockway, the influence of Cotman is clear enough—here is the authentic inheritance, studied and pondered over by Knight, and upon which his own natural gifts have been grafted. Like many of his contemporaries, and, for that matter, his predecessors, he seems scared of colour, or excessively fond of rather sad autumn tints; I suppose he would reply: "I put down what I see—not what you think you want to see"; and, as far as I am capable of shame at my time of life, I hang my head—but not for long. Did you know that he had designed some fine ironwork? Nor did I till I read this book, and I wish one or two photographs of an ironwork gate had been added to the excellent selection of his paintings.

The last book on my list is "The Tate Gallery." A fair selection of Tate Gallery paintings, with a note in English and French by Sir John Rothenstein. Some adequate monochrome illustrations, many in colours, with a particularly good one, in which the colours really do sing—of Van Gogh's "L'Herbage aux Papillons." It is a graceful tribute to an English institution by a French publishing house.

#### \* BOOKS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

"Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio, His Life—His Legend—His Works." By Roger Hinks. Frontispiece in Colour; 96 Monochrome Plates. (Faber and Faber; 50s.)

"Caravaggio, His Incongruity and His Fame." By Bernard Berenson. 88 Monochrome Plates. (Chapman and Hall; 18s.)

"Seeing and Knowing." By Bernard Berenson. 88 Monochrome Plates. (Chapman and Hall; 18s.)

"Russian Icons." 14 Plates in Colour; 12 Full-page Monochrome Illustrations. Introduction by Philipp Schweinfurth. (Iris Colour Books; B. T. Batsford; 30s.)

"John Sell Cotman (1782-1842)." By Victor Reinaecker, sometime Assistant Keeper of the Fine Art Department of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. 4 Plates in Colour; 58 Monochrome Illustrations. (F. Lewis; Limited Edition of 500 Copies; £7 7s.)

"Charles Knight, R.W.S., R.O.I." By Michael Brockway. With Preface by Sir William Russell Flint, R.A. 4 Plates in Colour; 52 in Monochrome. (F. Lewis; Limited Edition of 350 Copies; £5 5s.)

"The Tate Gallery." Introduction by the Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler, M.P. Preface by Sir John Rothenstein, C.B.E., Ph.D. 16 Plates in Colour and 24 in Monochrome. (Art et Style; 20s. bound; 28s. with loose plates.) Sole distributors for the U.K. and Commonwealth: The Tate Gallery Publications Department.



"HEAD OF ST. GEORGE THE MARTYR," DETAIL FROM A FULL-LENGTH OF THE NOVGOROD SCHOOL, c. 1400. (Collection: Dr. S. Amberg, Switzerland.)

"Byzantine art was the parent of Russian art, and, more clearly perhaps than elsewhere, the influence of Byzantium can be seen in the remarkable icons produced over a number of centuries for the Russian church."



"THE SACRED FACE" ("OUR LORD OF THE WET BEARD"); SCHOOL OF MOSCOW, SIXTEENTH CENTURY. (Collection: Ashberg; National Museum, Stockholm.)

This representation of The Sacred Face illustrates the majesty with which Our Lord is depicted in Russian religious art. Reproduced from "Russian Icons"; by Courtesy of the publishers.



## EDWARD SEAGO'S FINE WATER-COLOURS.



"THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL BARGE AT WESTMINSTER, JUNE 12, 1953"; BY EDWARD SEAGO: ONE OF A GROUP OF VIEWS OF LONDON IN THE CORONATION PERIOD.



"THE WATCH-TOWER, HOORN": A DUTCH LANDSCAPE IN MR. EDWARD SEAGO'S EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS WHICH IS NOW IN PROGRESS AT COLNAGHI'S.



"THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAES, AMSTERDAM": ONE OF THE WORKS BY MR. EDWARD SEAGO, WHICH IS TO BE SEEN IN HIS CURRENT EXHIBITION.

An Exhibition of Water-colour Drawings by Mr. Edward Seago opened recently at the galleries of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, in Old Bond Street, and will continue until December 8. Mr. Seago, who was born in 1910, is a brilliant water-colourist whose style is in the direct tradition of the great British water-colour artists. He held his first one-man show in London in 1933, and since then all discriminating art-lovers have looked forward to seeing his work. Since the war he has held a series of one-man shows, and he also exhibits at the Royal Academy and all the principal London galleries; and is well known in Canada, New York and Los Angeles. This year the exhibits at Colnaghi's include several scenes in London during the Coronation period, a most attractive group of landscapes painted in Holland; and views of his well-loved Norfolk. Mr. Seago is also a distinguished painter in oils, and his portrait of Jeremy Spencer in "The Innocents" is an outstanding exhibit at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. Author as well as painter, his books, illustrated with reproductions of his work, include "Caravan," "Peace in War," "With the Allied Armies in Italy," and "A Generation Risen." His loan exhibitions in the Norwich City Art Gallery in 1944 and in Norwich and Bristol Municipal Galleries, 1946—the latter of Italian War Pictures—will be remembered.

## THE EDMUND DULAC MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.

A Memorial Exhibition of the work of Edmund Dulac (1882-1953) was due to open at the Leicester Galleries on December 1. In the catalogue foreword Mr. R. H. Wilenski writes: "Edmund Dulac is a collector's artist. His illustrated books, the water-colour and gouache drawings made for them and the outline studies of details on transparent paper are all collector's pieces; so, too, are his stamps and playing-cards, his letters, written with exquisite penmanship, his occasional paintings in oil or tempera, his caricatures of social and artistic persons and those museum pieces, the caricature wax dolls, Sir Thomas Beecham (actually owned by the London Museum), George Moore (lent to this exhibition), Sir Claude Philips, and some others," and adds "he aimed, within his limits, at perfection; and within those limits he habitually achieved it." Our readers will remember the Dulac gouache drawings reproduced in our Christmas Numbers. The exhibition includes some of his last work, the originals for "The Golden Cockerel," published by the Heritage Press, New York.



"SO SHALL THY BARN BE FILLED WITH PLENTY": AN ILLUSTRATION TO PROVERBS, BY THE LATE EDMUND DULAC, ON VIEW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.



"PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PARI-BANOU"; BY EDMUND DULAC (1882-1953): AN ILLUSTRATION TO THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ON VIEW AT HIS MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.





A BIRTHDAY GREETING TO SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE GREATEST ENGLISHMAN OF HIS TIME, THE ARCHITECT OF VICTORY AND THE INDOMITABLE BUILDER OF PEACE: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRIME MINISTER, SPECIALLY TAKEN AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, TO MARK HIS SEVENTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY (NOVEMBER 30), ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE BERMUDA CONFERENCE.



## FLEMISH ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: EXAMPLES FROM BRITISH COLLECTIONS.



"BOYS BLOWING BUBBLES"; BY J. VAN OOST, THE ELDER (1601-1671): ON VIEW AT THE R.A. FLEMISH ART EXHIBITION OF WORKS FROM GREAT FOREIGN AND BRITISH COLLECTIONS. (Canvas; 35½ by 47½ ins.) (Lent by the Misses S. and V. Mearns.)



"A LIONESS AT PLAY"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640): A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF THE PAINTER'S GENIUS AS AN ANIMAL ARTIST, ON VIEW AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (Canvas; 44 by 78 ins.) (Lent by the Earl of Normanton.)



"LOUIS XIII. AS A BOY"; BY FRANS POURBUS, THE YOUNGER (1569-1622), SHOWN WEARING THE SASH OF THE ORDER OF ST. ESPRIT. (Canvas; 22½ by 18½ ins.) (Lent by Sir Francis Cassel, Bt.)



"A CHILD WITH A PARROT"; BY CORNELIS DE VOS (1585-1651), A FRIEND OF VAN DYCK, WHO PAINTED HIS PORTRAIT. (Panel; 38 by 29½ ins.) (Lent by Mrs. Arthur Fawcus.)



"MARTIN RUZÉ"; BY FRANS POURBUS, THE YOUNGER (1569-1622). THE SITTER IS SHOWN AT THE AGE OF 83. (Canvas; 26 by 21 ins.) (Lent by the National Trust (Upton House).)



"DEER HUNT IN A FOREST"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640): ONE OF THE IMPORTANT GROUP OF RUBENS PAINTINGS FROM FOREIGN AND ENGLISH COLLECTIONS IN THE EXHIBITION. (Panel; 24 by 35 ins.) (Lent by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, Bt.)



"LANDSCAPE, WITH ANIMALS"; BY JAN BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER (1568-1652). THE LION, TAKEN FROM A RUBENS STUDY, RESEMBLES THAT IN THE QUEEN'S "GARDEN OF EDEN," BY JAN BRUEGHEL. (Panel; 21½ by 34½ ins.) (Lent by the Earl of Verulam.)

The Exhibition of Flemish Art which opens at the Royal Academy to-day, Saturday, December 5, contains many world-famous paintings generously lent from public galleries in Belgium, Austria, France and Germany; but it also includes important and rare paintings from private collections at home, a selection of which we are reproducing in this issue. H.M. the Queen heads the list of British owners, and has allowed a number of works from the unsurpassed Royal collection to be included in this great display, which is on the same splendid scale as last year's Dutch Art Exhibition. Indeed, owing to the fact that a number of Illuminated Manuscripts are shown, there are actually more items in the catalogue than there were in the Dutch. The Flemish Exhibition of 1927 at the Royal Academy Galleries roused the greatest admiration, and there is little doubt that the current display will be received with equal enthusiasm. The late Roger Fry, in a critical essay on Flemish Art published at the time of the 1927 Exhibition,

pointed out that the Flemish appreciation of material beauty and comfort gave their art a special and highly appealing quality. The Flemish painters, he considered, "enjoyed the things of this life with so wholesome, so uncritical an appetite that they loved to see in their pictures vivid reminiscences of what was so familiar and dear. Even their religion became moulded to this habitual bent of their character. It adapted itself to that and inspired a simple and uncritical pietism which allowed even their conceptions of transcendent realities to keep a homely quality and a child-like literalness." On this page we reproduce a selection of portraits of both power and charm, and two magnificent works by Sir Peter Paul Rubens, as well as a delightful "Landscape, With Animals," by Jan Brueghel, the Elder, in which some of the creatures resemble those in "The Garden of Eden," by the same artist, which has been graciously lent by her Majesty. A number of these were based on studies by Rubens.



# SACRED AND PROFANE FLEMISH ART.



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN" (G. B. GRIMALDI, OF GENOA);  
BY JOOS VAN CLEVE (c. 1485-1546).  
(Panel; 29 by 22½ ins.) (Lent by Earl Spencer.)



"ST. LUKE PAINTING THE VIRGIN"; BY ALBERT BOUTS  
(1460?-1594). (Canvas transferred to panel; 43 by 34 ins.)  
(Lent by Lady Janet Douglas-Pennant.)

# LOANS TO THE R.A. FROM PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.



"PORTRAIT OF A PRELATE"; BY CORNELIS  
VAN CLEVE (1520-1567), A REMARKABLE AND  
IMPRESSIVE PORTRAIT. (Panel; 28½ by 21½ ins.)  
(Lent by Captain E. G. Churchill.)



"BISHOP GUILLAUME FILLASTRE" (1406-1473);  
BY ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN (1400?-1464).  
(Panel; 13½ by 9½ ins.) (Lent by Sir Thomas Merton.)



"MADONNA AND CHILD"; BY J. GOSSART CALLED  
MABUSE (c. 1472-1533).  
(Panel; 17 by 13 ins.) (Lent by the Earl of Radnor.)



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN"; BY HANS MEMLING (1435-1494).  
(Panel; 8½ by 7½ ins.; oval.) (Lent by Sir Thomas Barlow.)



"MADONNA AND CHILD"; BY DIRK BOUTS (1415-1475),  
AN EXAMPLE OF THE NAÏVE BEAUTY AND RELIGIOUS  
FEELING OF THE FLEMISH PRIMITIVES.  
(Panel; 13 by 10 ins.) (Lent by Sir Thomas Barlow.)

## FIFTEENTH- CENTURY

Flemish painters produced religious art of a particularly tender and appealing quality, and at times did not exclude naïve, almost homely touches. For instance, in the "St. Luke Painting the Virgin," by Albert Bouts, the Christ Child is stiffening Himself in His Mother's arms as a human infant often does. Quentin Metsys, a follower of Roger Van der Weyden, forms a link between him and Hugo Van der Goes and the seventeenth-century genius of Rubens, for though he belongs to an earlier period, he has lost



"MADONNA AND ANGELS"; BY QUENTIN METSYS  
(1460-1530), A FRIEND OF ST. THOMAS MORE.  
(Panel; 24½ by 17 ins.) (Lent by Mr. C. W. Dyson Perrins.)



"DONOR AND ST. JAMES"; ATT. TO ROGER  
VAN DER WEYDEN (1400?-1464). (Panel;  
27 by 16½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. John Wyndham.)

some of the mysticism and naïveté of the Primitives, and gained in depth and power of composition. He lived much of his life in England, was the friend of St. Thomas More and of Holbein, and died in this country. The superb portraiture which belongs to the fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Flemish artists is illustrated by the examples reproduced, which in common with the other works shown are on view in the great Flemish Exhibition at the Royal Academy, which contains splendid loans from foreign as well as British collections.



# THE FLEMISH ART EXHIBITION: A ROYAL, AND OTHER NOTABLE LOANS.



"PEASANTS DANCING OUTSIDE A TAVERN"; BY DANIEL TENIERS, THE YOUNGER (1610-1690). (Canvas; 32 by 38½ ins.) (Graciously lent by H.M. the Queen.)



"THE PROVERBS"; BY DANIEL TENIERS, THE YOUNGER (1610-1690): A LANDSCAPE IN WHICH THE ATTITUDES OF THE PERSONS ILLUSTRATE VARIOUS PROVERBS. (Canvas; 52 by 82 ins.) (Lent by the Duke of Rutland.)



"A LANDSCAPE, WITH WOLLATON HOUSE"; BY JAN SIBERECHTS (1627-1703). SIGNED, AND DATED 1695. (Canvas; 43 by 57½ ins.) (Lent by Lord Middleton.)



"A COLLECTOR'S CABINET"; BY FRANS FRANCKEN, THE YOUNGER (1581-1642), PAINTED IN TROMPE-L'ŒIL STYLE. (Panel; 35 by 47½ ins.) (Lent by the Duke of Northumberland.)



"STILL LIFE"; BY FRANS SNYDERS (1579-1657), AN EXAMPLE OF THE FLEMISH LOVE OF SUMPTUOUS SUBJECTS. (Copper; 14½ by 21½ ins.) (Lent by Dr. Ernst Sklarz.)



"A FLEMISH FAIR; WINTER"; BY JACOB SAVERY, THE ELDER (1545?-1602): A PAINTING WHICH RECALLS PIETER BRUEGHEL. (Copper; 18 by 27 ins.) (Lent by Cornelia Countess of Craven.)

The wealth of works of art in private hands in this country is enormous; and some idea of it can be gained from the number and high quality of the paintings lent from collections at home to the great Exhibition of Flemish Art which opens at the Royal Academy to-day, December 5, and will continue throughout the winter—an exhibition to which public galleries in Belgium, Austria, France and Germany have generously lent some of their greatest treasures. The works reproduced on this page illustrate contrasting facets of Flemish art in the late sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries. Savery's "Flemish Fair; Winter," which recalls the work of the elder Pieter Brueghel, and Siberechts' English landscape, with horses, cows and figures, are outstanding examples of the Flemish genius for landscape painting and feeling for the countryside throughout the

changing seasons of the year. The Queen's fine "Peasants Dancing Outside a Tavern," one of a number of splendid works which her Majesty has graciously lent from the Royal Collection; and the Duke of Rutland's canvas illustrating Proverbs are examples of David Teniers' great skill in handling compositions introducing large numbers of figures without producing an uncomfortably crowded effect. The "Still Life" by Frans Snyders is an illustration of the love of sumptuous things as subjects for their art which is a characteristic of the Flemish; and the "Collector's Cabinet," in addition to being a well-composed still-life painted in meticulous *Trompe-l'œil* style, is of documentary interest, as it is almost a catalogue of the kind of treasures which a connoisseur of the period would have desired to possess.





"DOROTHY VISCOUNTESS ANDOVER AND LADY ELIZABETH THIMBLEBY"; BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641), ONE OF THE SERIES OF VAN DYCK PORTRAITS AT THE R.A. (Canvas; 52½ by 59½.) (Lent by Earl Spencer.)

GREAT VAN DYCK PORTRAITS AT THE R.A.:  
FLEMISH MASTERPIECES FROM HOME SOURCES.



"ALGERNON PERCY, TENTH EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND"; BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641), PAINTER-IN-ORDINARY TO CHARLES I. AND HENRIETTA MARIA. THE SITTER WAS A GREAT PATRON OF VAN DYCK. (Canvas; 28½ by 53½ ins.) (Lent by the Duke of Northumberland.)



"HEAD OF A MAN"; BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641). (Oil on paper mounted on canvas; 14½ by 12½ ins.) (Lent by Sir Bruce S. Ingram.)



"HEAD OF A GENOESE NOBLEMAN"; BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641), A PAINTING OF VAN DYCK'S ITALIAN PERIOD. (Canvas; 29½ by 25 ins.) (Lent by Mr. Francis Howard.)



"LADY HENRIETTA MARIA STANLEY"; BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641). (Canvas; 30½ by 24½ ins.) (Lent by Earl Fitzwilliam.)



"ELIZABETH CECIL, COUNTESS OF DEVONSHIRE"; BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641). (Canvas; 53½ by 42½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. John Wyndham.)



"MRS. CARR"; BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641). THE ARTIST CAME TO ENGLAND ON THE INVITATION OF CHARLES I. (Canvas; 42½ by 33½ ins.) (Lent by the Hon. Mrs. E. Hervey-Bathurst.)



"THOMAS HOWARD, EARL OF ARUNDEL, AND HIS GRANDSON, THOMAS HOWARD, LATER FIFTH DUKE OF NORFOLK." (Canvas; 57 by 48 ins.) (Lent by the Duke of Norfolk.)

Sir Anthony Van Dyck was born at Antwerp, travelled in Italy and came to this country in 1632 at the invitation of Charles I., becoming Painter-in-Ordinary to their Majesties and receiving the honour of knighthood in the same year. He painted a very large number of portraits here and indeed practically all the prominent men and famous beauties of the day were among his sitters. It is therefore not surprising that in the Flemish Exhibition which opens at the Royal

Academy to-day, December 5, he should be splendidly represented by works from home collections. Her Majesty has lent some of the famous Royal portraits by Van Dyck and fine paintings belonging to his early Genoa period are also on view. On this page we reproduce characteristic examples of the work of this celebrated portrait painter and courtier, who died in England and was buried in the old Cathedral of St. Paul's.





FIG. 1. ONE OF THE AMETHYST SEALS FOUND IN THE PYLOS THOLOS-TOMB: THIS IMPRESSION SHOWS A COW WITH HEAD TURNED BACK AND A CALF BETWEEN HER FORE-LEGS. (From a drawing by Piet de Jong.)

*Continued.* have fallen into two parts: the uncovering of a large building which was destroyed about 1200 B.C. and which can be highly probably identified with the Palace of the Homeric hero-king, Nestor; and the clearing of a large tholos-tomb some 87 yards away from the palace. In a future article Professor Blegen will describe the important and interesting discoveries made in the palace. Here he discusses only the excavation of the tholos and the finds made therein. (The photographs of Figs. 9 and 10 are by Miss Alison Frantz.)

ON a small elevation in a vineyard only 80 m. (87 yards) distant, to the north-east of the palace site, fragments of a great lintel block of conglomerate had long ago indicated the presence of a tholos-tomb. Excavated during the summer of 1953 under the supervision of Lord William Taylour, it was found to have been robbed in ancient times, but the looters had been careless and had left behind many objects of value. The tomb had a broad entrance passage cut in virgin soil (Fig. 5). At its inner end was an imposing doorway, 2.25 m. (7 ft. 4½ ins.) wide, 4.50 m. (14 ft. 9½ ins.) deep from front to back, and 4.60 m. (15 ft. 1½ ins.) high, built of large

*Continued opposite.*

## A ROYAL TOMB OF HOMERIC TIMES: UNCOVERING THE GREAT GRAVE CLOSE TO THE PALACE OF NESTOR AT PYLOS.

(During 1952 and 1953 a joint Hellenic and American expedition has been exploring pre-classical sites in the Western Peloponnese. The American section, under Professor Carl W. Blegen, of the University of Cincinnati, has concentrated on a site above and to the north of the Bay of Navarino. The excavations

*Continued below, left.*



FIG. 2. ANOTHER AMETHYST SEAL FROM THE TOMB: A WARRIOR IS ATTACKING A LIONESS BY THRUSTING A SWORD BETWEEN HER JAWS. AT HIS WAIST IS A TASSELLED SCABBARD. (From a drawing by Piet de Jong.)

*Continued.* limestone blocks. After the burial the doorway was closed by a massive well-constructed wall about 2 m. (6 ft. 6½ ins.) thick. The circular chamber, which had a lower diameter of 9.35 m. (30 ft. 8½ ins.), was enclosed by a wall, carefully built of remarkably small unworked stones, laid in fairly regular courses. It still stands to a height of 4.65 m. (15 ft. 3½ ins.), but originally, when the dome was complete, it must have risen 7.50 m. (24 ft. 7½ ins.) or more above the floor (Figs. 9 and 10). The chamber was filled with earth, much of which had obviously fallen from above when the vault collapsed. The marauders, who had evidently raided the tomb while the dome was still standing, had thoroughly disturbed the burials and had ransacked a cist built of stone slabs at the right (Fig. 10) and a deep, curving grave-pit at the left (Fig. 9). Their operations seem to have been hasty, however, and they had overlooked or scorned vast quantities of gold-leaf; hundreds of beads of amber, 248 of amethyst, many of gold, faience and paste, and numerous pieces of ivory. The most

interesting items recovered are two amethyst seal stones (Figs. 1 and 2), one with an intaglio depicting a lively combat between a man and a lioness, the other showing a cow with its calf.

*Continued opposite.*



FIG. 3. A GOLD SIGNET RING FROM THE TOMB: THE BEZEL SHOWS (L. TO R.) A WILD GOAT, A SHRINE, WITH DOUBLE AXE OR HORNS OF CONSECRATION ABOVE, A GOD ASCENDING, AND A WORSHIPPER WITH HIS HAND RAISED IN ADORATION.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 5. THE APPROACH AND BLOCKED ENTRANCE OF THE "TOMB OF NESTOR," BEFORE CLEARING. THE ENTRANCE, ABOUT 7 FT. 4 INS. WIDE, WAS CLOSED WITH A THICK, WELL-BUILT WALL, INCORPORATING MUCH DRESSED STONE. SEE ALSO FIGS. 9 AND 10.

(LEFT AND RIGHT.) FIGS. 7 AND 8. THE OBERSE (LEFT) AND THE REVERSE (RIGHT) OF A MAGNIFICENT FLATTENED-CYLINDRICAL GOLD SEAL FOUND IN THE GRAVE-PIT IN THE THOLOS. THE REVERSE HAS A RAISED NET PATTERN; BUT THE OBERSE SHOWS, ABOVE A MYCENÆAN-STYLE BORDER, A CRESTED GRIFFIN WITH EAGLE WINGS AND LION BODY. THE DETAILS ARE DONE WITH A PITTED TECHNIQUE WHICH IN THE IMPRESSION GIVES A GRANULAR EFFECT.



FIG. 4. A SMALL GOLD ORNAMENT (ABOUT 1½ INS. HIGH) IN THE FORM OF A FIGURE-OF-EIGHT SHIELD: PARALLEL WITH THE IVORY MINIATURE SHIELDS RECENTLY FOUND BY PROFESSOR WACE AT MYCENÆ.



FIG. 6. ONE OF SIX ENGAGING FIGURES OF OWLS, MADE IN REPOUSSÉ FROM THIN GOLD SHEET. THE MAXIMUM HEIGHT IS ABOUT 1½ INS. POSSIBLY A REFERENCE TO THE OWLS OF THE GODDESS ATHENE.

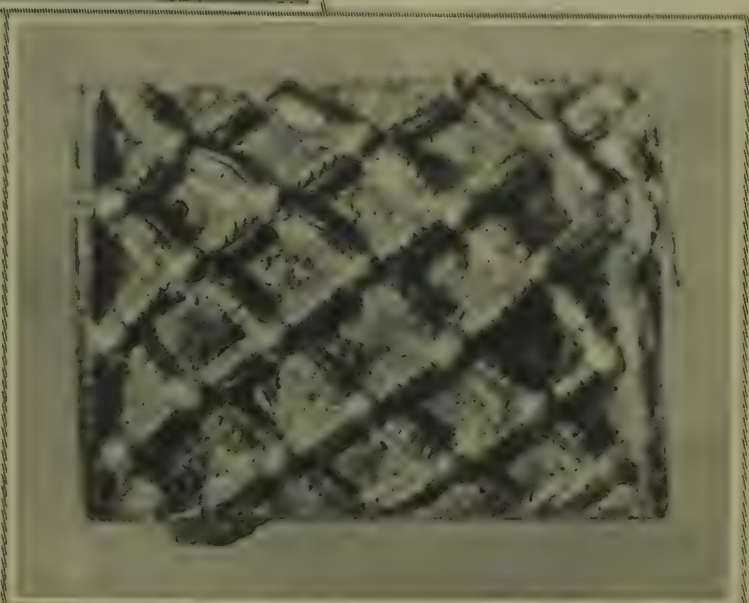






FIG. 9. THE MAGNIFICENT THOLOS-TOMB, SOME 87 YARDS FROM THE PALACE OF NESTOR, AT PYLOS, FROM THE NORTH-EAST. RIGHT, A CURVING GRAVE-PIT.



FIG. 10. A VIEW OF THE THOLOS FROM THE NORTH-WEST, SHOWING THE EXTERIOR BEVEL. ON THE FLOOR, THE CIST IN WHICH THE GOLD RING (FIG. 3) WAS FOUND.

# PERHAPS THE TOMB OF NESTOR, NOBLEST AND WISEST OF AGAMEMNON'S GENERALS: A NEW DISCOVERY AT PYLOS.

*Continued.*

six charming owls (Fig. 6) pressed out in thin gold; a gold shield-shaped ornament in the form of a figure 8 (Fig. 4); a gold signet ring (Fig. 3) bearing on its bezel a cult scene that shows a wild goat, a shrine, perhaps an epiphany of the god, and a worshipper; and a large, flattened-cylindrical gold seal (Figs. 7 and 8), with a delicately-worked representation of a magnificent crested griffin—what may be truly called a royal gem.

These remains give a tantalising idea of the wealth of the original contents of the burial chamber. The date of the tomb has not yet been finally determined, but one can not go far wrong in regarding it as the last resting-place of a king, who in his lifetime sat on the throne in the *megaron* of the neighbouring palace and ruled over Western Messenia.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE AGE OF BARNACLES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT has been estimated that a mile of shore, between tide-marks, may carry some 2,000,000,000 acorn barnacles. Such an estimate is, of course, only an approximation, and the number will vary according to the type of shore. Nevertheless, however rough an approximation this may be, it is an indication of the tremendous populations of barnacles throughout the world. It must have been with some such figures in mind that the late T. H. Withers, who compiled the most complete account of fossil barnacles, wrote: "The present day may be truly regarded as the Age of Cirripedes (*i.e.*, barnacles), for they occur in countless millions on the shore-line of almost every coast, and are found attached to almost all floating objects and to objects on the sea-bottom."

water-fleas. At the end of its larval life the cypris, with its six pairs of swimming legs and a pair of antennae ending in suckers, seeks a permanent resting-place. Once suited, it turns on to its head, takes hold of the surface with the suckers on the antennae, and changes into the familiar barnacle, be it the stalked, or ship's, barnacle, or the stalkless acorn barnacle.

A quarter of a century after Vaughan Thompson's discovery came Darwin's enunciation of his Theory of Organic Evolution, and the search for facts to support or refute it. Barnacles came prominently under review. By what stages could an animal so like a mollusc in appearance and habits have been derived from the same stock as the active crabs, so dissimilar in appearance? As usual, evidence upon which to reconstruct their past history was sought from fossil remains. Small shrimp-like crustacea are found in the Cambrian rocks, dating back 500,000,000 years; and ostracods, like the second larval-stage of the barnacles, swarmed in the Ordovician seas, 400,000,000 years ago. It seemed natural to look in these oldest rocks therefore for the ancestral barnacles. Certain barnacle-like remains were found, and for a long time they were regarded as the ancestral fossils. Now, however, they are more certainly looked upon as representing an offshoot from an early stock that led, in all probability, to the evolution of star-fishes and sea-urchins.

Withers tells us: "Two main factors have militated against any great advance in our understanding of the fossil Cirripedia, and consequently in our ideas on the phylogeny of the group. One is the presence in the Paleozoic rocks of certain multi-valved fossils which have been regarded as primitive Cirripedes. The other, which is closely related to the first, is the occurrence in the Mesozoic rocks of numerous species of undoubted

stalked Cirripedes. . . . Both factors, singly and together, have given rise to the prevailing belief that the ancestral Cirripede was a form with a large number of valves. This is the view expressed in the text-books." These remarks, substantiated by other workers in the same field, lead to the almost certainty that the first undoubted fossil barnacle, a stalked barnacle, is that found in strata a little over 170,000,000 years old. As geological time goes, therefore, barnacles were late-comers, and even during the subsequent geological periods, they were not numerous, but have reached their greatest abundance in species and populations to-day.

There have been many suggestions put forward as to how they may have been derived from the crustacea-stock. None is satisfactory, and Withers' summing-up is that "we can as yet form only a vague idea of the ancestral Cirripede." In other words, there is no sign until the beginning of the Jurassic period of true barnacles, and then we find them fully developed and recognisable as the relatives of the barnacles living to-day. Yet all the evidence points to their being of crustacean-stock. The legs are comparable in design with those of the rest of the crustacea, especially with

those of sand-hoppers and water-fleas, and so is the nervous system. There are many other details in which they resemble the other crustacea, such as the method of feeding and their internal anatomy. Yet at one point in time, there are no stalked barnacles, and the next thing we find in the story of the rocks is that they are there, and there is no evidence to show how they were derived from the more typical crustacea. The case is different with the acorn barnacles. These first appear in the Upper Cretaceous, some 100,000,000 years ago, and the earliest of their remains leave little doubt that they were derived from stalked barnacles by the loss of the stalk.

There are many gaps in the fossil record, and many also in the evolutionary story. It is possible to bridge many of these by analogy, but the fact remains that, for practically all the main groups of animals, the pattern is the same as in the story of the barnacles. At one point in geological time there is no sign of them, and in the next layers of rock there they are fully formed, and there are no intermediate steps to tell how they came into being. That is where the importance of the life-history of the barnacles comes in, for analogy here is strong. If barnacles have so many features in common with the crustacea, in their internal anatomy, their feeding habits, the structure of the legs and, especially, the larval history, then it is almost incontrovertible that they have stemmed



SHOWING THE CALCAREOUS PLATES AND (CENTRE) THE CRUSTACEA-LIKE LEGS WHICH REVEAL THE TRUE NATURE OF THE BARNACLE: A GROUP OF STALKED, OR SHIP'S, BARNACLES.

Photograph by Maurice G. Sawyer.

Once figures reach certain proportions they cease to have significance. Another way to appreciate what may be the meaning of Withers' words is to recall the nuisance value of present-day barnacles, for their settlement in large numbers on any bare surface exposed for any length of time to the sea has led directly to a number of major problems. The fouling of ships' bottoms has influenced the course of vital naval actions. It has slowed up the delivery of merchandise and caused the expenditure of countless man-hours and currency of many nations in such unproductive work as periodic dry-docking, scraping and repainting, thus adding to the prices of goods. One consequence is that in recent years there has sprung up a tremendous and widespread research into the life of the barnacle, with one end in view, the discovery of some means of preventing this drain on human activities and economies.

There is another side to the barnacle problem, that of pure scientific research, for it provides valuable material for the study of certain aspects of evolution. To appreciate this, we must go back a short way in the history of biological research. Some 150 years ago, barnacles, with their bodies enclosed in limy, shell-like plates, were classified as mollusca. Then, in 1829, came the spectacular discovery by J. Vaughan Thompson, that the barnacle egg hatched a larva which differed in minor details only from the larvae of crustacea, such as shrimps and crabs. He found that this nauplius, as it is called, after swimming about for a time at the surface of the sea, changed its shape and grew a pair of shells completely enclosing the body. This second larval stage, the cypris, bears a strong resemblance to certain other crustacea known as ostracods, abundant in the seas and the fresh waters, the latter being included in the general title of



SHOWING THE TURRET-LIKE CALCAREOUS SHELL AND THE MOVABLE PLATES EFFECTIVELY CLOSING THE ENTRANCE WHEN THE ANIMAL IS WITHDRAWN: ACORN BARNACLES, WHOSE INTERNAL ANATOMY AND LIFE-HISTORY PLACE THEM CERTAINLY AS RELATIVES OF CRABS AND SHRIMPS, ALTHOUGH OUTWARDLY RESEMBLING MOLLUSCS. [Photograph by J. P. Harding.]

from the main crustacea-stock. And if the early ancestral stages are missing, then there must be some good reason for this. Further, if this is true for one group of animals, it can also be true for others in which the evidence is even more wanting. The hypothesis is that all main groups of animals have come into being by a rapid burgeoning from a previous stock, which takes place so rapidly that the chances of these intermediate stages being preserved as fossils is slender. The story of the barnacles seems to support this.



# LEADING PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



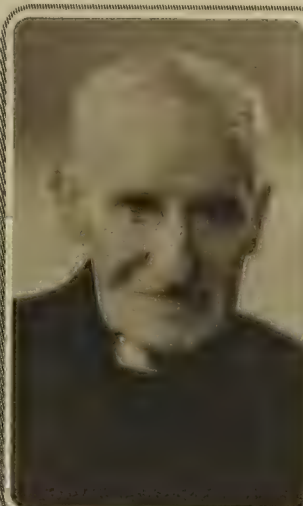
TO LEAD BRITAIN AT THE U.N.: SIR PIERSON DIXON. At present a Deputy Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, Sir Pierson Dixon has been appointed to succeed Sir Gladwyn Jebb as Permanent Representative to the United Nations. He was principal Private Secretary to both Mr. Eden and the late Mr. Bevin from 1943 to 1948, when he went as Ambassador to Czechoslovakia.



APPOINTED TO THE FOREIGN OFFICE: SIR HAROLD CACCIA. Sir Harold Caccia, at present Ambassador and U.K. High Commissioner at Vienna, has been appointed a Deputy Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office in succession to Sir Pierson Dixon. Sir Harold went with the Allied Military Mission to Italy in 1943, and then went to Athens in 1944 as political adviser to General Scobie, remaining there during the December rebellion.



TO BE AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE: SIR GLADWYN JEBB. Sir Gladwyn Jebb, who has been the United Kingdom's Permanent Representative to the United Nations since 1950, has been appointed her Majesty's Ambassador to France in succession to Sir Oliver Harvey, who is to retire. He attended the San Francisco Conference in 1945 which led to the setting up of the U.N., and for a while was acting Secretary-General. He was the U.K. representative on the Brussels Treaty Permanent Commission, 1948-1949.



DIED ON NOVEMBER 29: DR. E. W. BARNES. The Right Rev. Ernest William Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham from 1924 until May this year, when ill health caused his retirement, died on November 29, at the age of seventy-nine. Ordained in 1902, during his life in the Church, he became known for his controversial views. He was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1898-1916, and Canon of Westminster, 1918-1924.



DIED ON NOVEMBER 30: SIR BENEGAL NARSING RAU. Sir Benegal Narsing Rau, who has died at the age of sixty-six, had been a judge at the International Court of Justice at The Hague since 1952. Before this he was India's representative on the Security Council and leader of India's delegation to the United Nations General Assembly, 1949-1952, where he did much good work in presenting India's views on the Korean war.



DIED ON NOVEMBER 26: SIR IVOR ATKINS, THE DISTINGUISHED MUSICIAN.

Sir Ivor Atkins, who died recently at the age of eighty-three, was organist and master of the choristers at Worcester Cathedral for over fifty years until his retirement in 1950. He was known to the wider musical public chiefly through the Three Choirs Festivals, which he directed triennially at Worcester from 1899 to 1948. He was President of the Royal College of Organists in 1935 and 1936.



WITH HIS WIFE AT LONDON AIRPORT: CAPTAIN LORLAINE, CAPTAIN OF CANOPUS IN WHICH THE QUEEN FLEW TO JAMAICA. One of B.O.A.C.'s most experienced pilots, Captain A. C. Loraine, commanded the *Stratocruiser Canopus* in which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh flew to Jamaica. While the aircraft taxied to rest at Montego Bay he was invested by H.M. the Queen with the insignia of M.V.O. (Fourth Class).



DIED ON NOVEMBER 27: MR. EUGENE O'NEILL, THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT.

Mr. Eugene O'Neill, the playwright, died in Boston recently at the age of sixty-five. Between the two world wars he became America's leading dramatist and was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1936. His best-known plays include "Beyond the Horizon" (1920); "Anna Christie" (1921); "Desire Under the Elms" (1924); and "Mourning Becomes Electra" (1931).



CAPTAINS OF THE UNIVERSITY RUGBY TEAMS: PETER J. F. WHEELER (CAMBRIDGE—LEFT) AND ALEC RAMSAY (OXFORD).

Alec Ramsay (Mill Hill and Brasenose) is to captain the Oxford XV. in the Rugby match against Cambridge which is to be played at Twickenham on December 8. The Cambridge XV. will be captained by Peter J. F. Wheeler (Rugby and Magdalene College).

(RIGHT.) DIED ON NOVEMBER 27: M. HENRI BERNSTEIN.

M. Henri Bernstein, the French playwright, died in Paris recently at the age of seventy-seven. He was one of the most successful playwrights in the Paris theatre, and several of his plays were produced in London. A noted duellist, at the age of sixty-two he engaged in a duel with Edouard Bourdet, administrator-general of the Comédie Française.



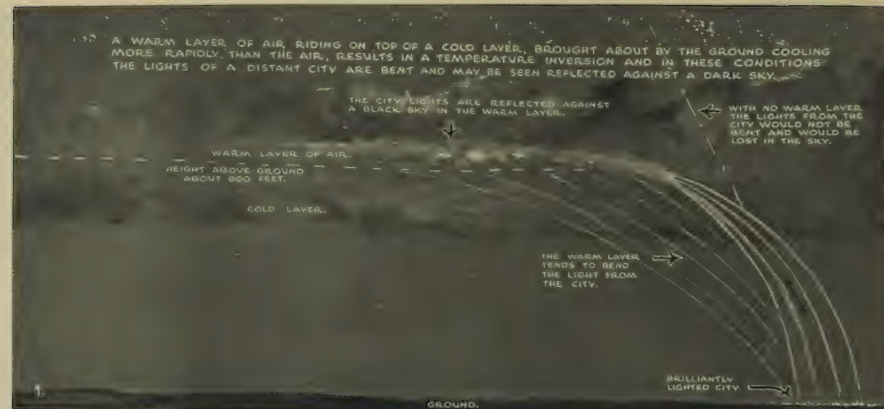
CAPTAINS OF THE UNIVERSITY SOCCER TEAMS: ROBERT G. LUNN (OXFORD—LEFT) AND JOHN WOODLEY (CAMBRIDGE).

Robert G. Lunn (Huddersfield Holme Valley Grammar School and St. Edmund Hall) is to captain the Oxford Soccer XI. against Cambridge at Wembley to-day (December 5). The Cambridge captain is John Woodley (Portsmouth Grammar School and Queen's College).

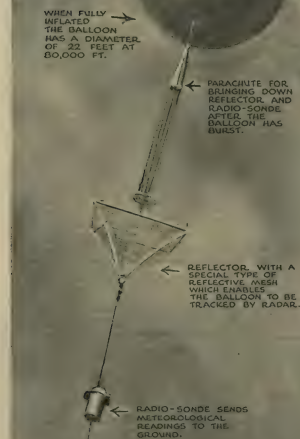
(LEFT.) THE LATE SIR RONALD HUGH CAMPBELL: A CORRECTION.

In our issue of November 28 we published a photograph which we described as being that of the late Sir Ronald Campbell, Ambassador to Portugal, 1940-45. Our photograph was not of him but of Sir Ronald Ian Campbell, formerly Ambassador to Egypt, and now Director of the Royal Bank of Scotland. We much regret that this error occurred.





A BRITISH METEOROLOGICAL BALLOON. THIRTY-TWO OF THESE LARGE RADIO-SONDE BALLOONS ARE RELEASED DAILY IN THE UNITED KINGDOM. OTHER STATES IN EUROPE ARE SENDING UP SIMILAR BALLOONS. OVER ONE FIFTY STATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES RELEASE OVER ONE HUNDRED RADIO-SONDE BALLOONS DAILY.



### "THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN": THE "FLYING-SAUCE" CONTROVERSY—METEOROLOGICAL.

On the afternoon of November 3 a "strange object" in the sky over south-east England was sighted by the R.A.F. pilot of a *Vampire* night-fighter and his navigator. At the same time, a similar object was picked up on a radar set being tested by No. 265 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, R.A., T.A., at Eltham Road, Les Green. On being observed through a sighting telescope, it appeared to be circular or spherical and white in colour. Later, the Air Ministry stated that a meteorological balloon had been released at Crawley on the afternoon in question and might well have been in the area where the strange object had been sighted. An Air Ministry spokesman said that, during the last four years,

CURRENTS IN THE WARM AIR LAYER TEND TO DISTORT THE REFLECTED LIGHTS FROM THE CITY AND CAUSE THEM TO MOVE ACROSS THE SKY AT INCREDIBLE SPEED.

A STRONG CURRENT SLOWLY DISTORTS THE REFLECTED LIGHTS SO THAT THEY MAY APPEAR AS A BRILLIANTLY LIT AIR LINER OR AIRSHIP MOVING AT GREAT SPEED. LESS POWERFUL CURRENTS PRODUCE OTHER EFFECTS INCLUDING A "FIERY EXHAUST." STILL AIR MAY REFLECT THE LIGHTS AS ILLUMINATED DISCS.

IN CERTAIN CONDITIONS OF LIGHT ONLY PORTIONS OF THE METEOROLOGICAL BALLOON MAY BE VISIBLE FROM THE GROUND AND WILL APPEAR AS "SAUCER-LIKE" CURVES.



whenever reports were received of the sighting of unusual objects, they had been investigated by the Intelligence Department in consultation with the Meteorological Office and in 98 per cent. of the cases a simple explanation had been found. He added that this might well apply to the remaining 5 per cent., but no proof could be obtained. It will be recalled that a strange object in the sky was seen by an R.A.F. officer stationed at Topcliffe, Yorkshire, whilst taking part in the N.A.T.O. exercise "Mainbrace" in September, 1952, and this led to much discussion as to whether the "flying-saucer" had at last reached our shores from the U.S.A. On November 24 last, questions about

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

ICING CONDITIONS IN THE UPPER AIR PRODUCE SHOWERS OF ICE CRYSTALS SOME OF WHICH REFLECT THE SUN'S RAYS AND APPEAR AS SHINING DISCS.

A LENTICULAR CLOUD HAS OFTEN BEEN MISTAKEN FOR A "FLYING SAUCER".

5.

MANY "FLYING SAUCERS" HAVE BEEN REPORTED IN VERY HOT WEATHER WHEN CONDITIONS ARE IDEAL FOR THE PRODUCTION OF MIRAGES.

6.

IN FAVOURABLE CONDITIONS SUNLIGHT PASSING THROUGH A "TUNNEL" IN A CLOUD BANK GIVES A PERFECT SIMULATION OF A BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED "SAUCER" ON A CLOUD LAYER AT A LOWER LEVEL.

8.

FREQUENTLY LIGHT REFLECTED FROM AN AIRCRAFT AS SEEN FROM THE GROUND, APPEARS TO BE OF CIRCULAR SHAPE.

MANY REPORTED "FLYING SAUCERS" HAVE PROVED TO BE METEOR TRAILS.



### BALLOONS, AND WEATHER CONDITIONS WHICH MAY PROVIDE EXPLANATIONS OF THE PHENOMENON.

the incidents of November 3 were asked in the House of Commons and, in reply, Mr. Birch, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Defence, said that the objects seen were two meteorological balloons observed on different occasions and that there was "nothing peculiar" in the occurrences. Although numerous reports have reached Britain from America of the mysterious "flying-saucers" this was the first one to have been given an official explanation in this country. Several books have been written on the subject, some claiming that these flying objects are really visitors from outer space, whilst others explain that they are nothing but balloons, mirages and strange cloud or atmospheric effects. In

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

the diagrams above our artist shows some of the objects and atmospheric conditions which can, under certain circumstances, give rise to the phenomenon known as a "flying-saucer". This phenomenon seems to have fired the imagination of aircraft designers, for last April a report reached England of a "flying-saucer aeroplane" capable of a speed of 1500 m.p.h. It was said to be already in an advanced design stage at the Avro Canada works at Malton, near Toronto, and to be independent of prepared runways, taking off vertically from a kind of tripod launching chassis with booster rockets to supplement the gas turbine. It is not believed that construction of a prototype has yet begun.



## ITEMS OF INTEREST IN THE NEWS: A MISCELLANY OF CURRENT EVENTS.



THE PLAGUE OF FLIES ALONG THE SUSSEX COAST: PORTABLE SPRAYERS OF INSECTICIDE BEING USED ON THE BEACH EAST OF THE PALACE PIER AT BRIGHTON.



RECENTLY OFFICIALLY OPENED BY GENERAL GUILLAUME, THE FRENCH RESIDENT GENERAL IN MOROCCO, WHO WAS ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUTCH CONSUL: THE NEW HARBOUR OF AGADIR, ON THE ATLANTIC COAST OF MOROCCO, WHICH HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED BY A DUTCH COMPANY. THE HARBOUR SERVES AN AREA IN WHICH THERE ARE A NUMBER OF MANGANESE MINES.



ACQUIRED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A SQUARE ITALIAN ORATORY WITH A PYRAMID TOP.

The Victoria and Albert Museum have recently acquired by purchase a rare example of Italian church furniture of about 1500. It is a square oratory, with a pyramid top, standing 10'9 ft. with a side of 6'8 ft., and was bought in Florence by an English visitor some forty years ago. It was probably made for a private



A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF ITALIAN CHURCH FURNITURE (c. 1500): THE ORATORY PURCHASED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



SHOWING THE LATTICE SHUTTER OPENING TOWARDS THE ALTAR: THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE ITALIAN ORATORY.

chapel rather of a church or monastery than a great house. It stood in the north-east corner, its lattice shutter opening towards the altar and its door towards the west end. On the right of the entry stands a beautiful holy-water stoup, with a bowl of rose marble on a walnut plinth.



FORMERLY THE "ROYAL" TENNIS COURT BUILT BY LORD BRASSEY: THE NEW CHAPEL AT HEYTHROP HALL, CHIPPING NORTON, THE JESUIT THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

The late Archbishop of Birmingham had arranged to consecrate, on December 1, the altar of the new chapel at Heythrop Hall, Chipping Norton, which has been used as a Jesuit Theological College since 1925. Heythrop Hall was built about 1706 and in 1870 was restored by Lord Brassey, who built a "Royal" tennis court



SHOWING THE CIBORIUM SUPPORTED ON FOUR FLUTED PILLARS ABOVE THE HIGH ALTAR: A VIEW OF THE SANCTUARY IN THE NEW CHAPEL AT HEYTHROP COLLEGE.

in the west wing. In 1952 it was decided to convert the previously unaltered fabric of this court into a chapel, and this has now been accomplished without altering the shell or former roof of the tennis court. Our photographs show the severely classical interior of the new chapel.





(TOP PHOTOGRAPH.) A TWENTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KABAKA OF BUGANDA, WHO WAS DEPOSED ON NOVEMBER 30, SEATED BETWEEN (RIGHT) HIS QUEEN AND THE BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE. SEATED LEFT AND RIGHT ARE OTHER LOCAL RULERS. (LOWER LEFT.) THE KABAKA AND HIS BRIDE LEAVING NAMIREMBE CATHEDRAL AFTER THEIR WEDDING ON NOVEMBER 19, 1948; AND (LOWER RIGHT) THE KABAKA INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR OF UGANDA POLICE.

#### THE KABAKA OF BUGANDA: A NATIVE RULER OF UGANDA DEPOSED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

On November 30 Mr. Lyttelton announced in the House of Commons that the Government had decided to withdraw recognition from the Kabaka, the African ruler of Buganda, one of the four provinces of the Uganda Protectorate, that this action was taken because the Kabaka had repudiated obligations under the agreement of 1900, which required his loyal co-operation with the Protectorate Government; and that he had left Entebbe by air in an

R.A.F. *Hastings* at about 1 p.m. on that day (November 30) for England. The Kabaka, Mutesa II., who is twenty-nine, was educated at Cambridge University and his wedding to Miss Damale Kisosnonkole (who was also educated in England) in November 1948 was reported in our issue of December 18, 1948. Mr. Lyttelton announced that he would be free to live as he likes and an appropriate financial settlement would be made for this purpose.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## WHAT NEXT?

By J. C. TREWIN.

"THE curtain falls, the play is played," wrote Henley in the famous ballade that ends: "Into the night go one and all." This was a ballade of dead actors; but I think of it sometimes when the theatre curtain has fallen, and we, the audience, are on our way home. Now and then



"A COMEDY THAT STAYS WITH ONE, MAKES ONE WORK OUT ITS PATTERN ANEW": COLONEL PICKERING (NICHOLAS HANNEN), ELIZA DOOLITTLE (KAY HAMMOND), ALFRED DOOLITTLE (CHARLES VICTOR) AND MRS. HIGGINS (ATHENE SEYLER; L. TO R.) IN JOHN CLEMENTS' REVIVAL OF BERNARD SHAW'S ROMANCE, "PYGMALION," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

the dramatist can offer the satisfying illusion that his play continues, even though the last word has been spoken. The players may have been severed from us. No matter; we feel that the tale is still unwinding.

That marks a good play and an uncommon performance. More often we know, at curtain-fall, that the work is finished; that the characters must be put away in their boxes until, at the same hour next evening, they are brought out to go through their moves. These may be absorbing; but it is what happens in the listener's mind after the last move is made that points the difference between an exciting piece for the theatre and one that is both theatre and life.

It may be argued that some plays cannot get further. When Hamlet is dead, do we want to have Horatio telling the story to Fortinbras and the nobles, or to hear how the young Norwegian Prince embraced his kingdom? Possibly not; but, after we have seen it, a "Hamlet" of any quality must still flame and glow in the mind; for a long while, unconsciously perhaps, we are in the hall at Elsinore; we go on "working over" the play long after its end. It does not disappear into the night.

I have been musing in this way because the so-called romance of "Pygmalion" is in revival at the St. James's; the kind of piece that challenges us to complete it. In the theatre it is not completed. Having got his creations to an important point in their history, Shaw lets them fall. "What do you think, chums?" he seems to ask, in the tones of Syd Walker long ago. Many people believe that they can tell what happens to Professor Higgins (the Pygmalion) and to Eliza, his flower-girl Galatea; and in the printed text Shaw has a twinkling, capricious essay to tell them that they are wrong.

The situation, you recall, is this. Higgins and the transformed Eliza have had their fifth-act quarrel while Eliza waits to leave for her father's wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square. In the original text, as Sir Herbert Tree and Mrs. Campbell played it, Higgins's last words to Eliza are: "Oh, by the way, order a ham and a Stilton cheese, will you? And buy me a pair of reindeer gloves, number eights, and a tie to match that new suit of mine, at Eale and Binman's. You can choose the colour." And Eliza answers disdainfully, as she sweeps through the door: "Buy them yourself." Mrs. Higgins seeks to console her son, but he wants no consolation, "Oh, don't bother," he says. "She'll buy 'em all right enough." And, left alone, "he rattles his cash in his pockets, chuckles, and disports himself in a highly self-satisfied manner." He might almost be Shaw chuckling at the joke he has played upon the audience: the audience he proceeds cheerfully to mock at the beginning of his printed epilogue:

The rest of the story need not be shown in action, and, indeed, would hardly need telling if our imaginations were not so enfeebled by their lazy dependence on the ready-mades and reach-me-downs of the ragshop in which Romance keeps its stock of "happy endings" to fit all stories.

In Shaw's view, the most logical ending is for Eliza to marry Freddy Eynsford Hill. So she does. We are told that her ex-dustman father (victim of middle-class morality) "absolutely refused to add the last straw to his burden by contributing to Eliza's support." Luckily, Colonel Pickering supplied a wedding present of £500 and also set up Eliza and Freddy in a flower-shop. "The shop is in the arcade of a railway station not very far from the Victoria and Albert Museum; and if you live in the neighbourhood you may go there any day and buy a button-hole from Eliza." We learn also that the shop is not very successful; that Eliza still manages to meddle in the Wimpole Street housekeeping, and that when they meet she stands up ruthlessly to Higgins's bullying. She may have her dreams, says Shaw,

but when it comes to business, to the life that she really leads as distinguished from the life of dreams and fancies, she likes Freddy and she likes the Colonel; and she does not like Higgins and Mr. Doolittle. Galatea never does quite like Pygmalion: his relation to her is too godlike to be altogether agreeable.

At the St. James's we notice that John Clements, who produces and plays Higgins, has used Eliza's speech from the film ending. She is disdainful as before. She sweeps out as before. But she says, in a rattling catalogue: "Number eights are too small for you if you want them lined with lamb's wool. You have three new ties that you have forgotten in the drawer of your



BENJAMIN BRITTEN'S "PETER GRIMES," AT COVENT GARDEN: PETER (PETER PEARS) AND THE BOY JOHN (RAYMOND EDMONDS). MR. PETER PEARS SANG THE TITLE-ROLE IN THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF THE REVIVAL OF "PETER GRIMES" IN THE REVISED PRODUCTION BY JOHN CRANKO AT COVENT GARDEN ON NOVEMBER 14 AND ON NOVEMBER 24. MR. EDGAR EVANS TOOK OVER THE ROLE ON NOVEMBER 20, AND WAS DUE TO SING IT ON DECEMBER 4.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"DANCE DRESS" (Embassy).—A small melodrama for three capable players. (November 17.)  
 "PYGMALION" (St. James's).—Eliza-Galatea rises again in the "romance" of which Shaw said amiably that the reformer most needed in 1913 was an energetic phonetic enthusiast: "That is why I have made such a one the hero of a popular play." Few will bother about phonetics at the St. James's; but they will delight in Kay Hammond as the flower-girl transformed, and John Clements and Charles Victor as her "creator" and her parent. (November 19.)  
 "PETER GRIMES" (Royal Opera House, Covent Garden).—Edgar Evans acts and sings with some strength in a sound revival of the Britten opera of "the Borough" that now takes the stage with the assurance of an Old Master. (Heard November 20.)

washstand. Colonel Pickering prefers double Gloucester to Stilton; and you don't notice the difference. I telephoned Mrs. Pearce this morning not to forget the ham. What you are to do without me I cannot imagine." It is a better speech than the original; but it does not alter the position as Shaw sees it: Higgins and Eliza will not marry.

I would not make so much of this if "Pygmalion" were not a comedy that stays with one, makes one work out its pattern anew. I feel sure that if it had been available when St. John Hankin wrote his famous



"IN GALLANT MAKE-BELIEVE [SHE] FIGHTS THE EARLY STORM OF COCKNEY": ELIZA DOOLITTLE (KAY HAMMOND) WITH (LEFT) COLONEL PICKERING (NICHOLAS HANNEN) AND (RIGHT) PROFESSOR HENRY HIGGINS (JOHN CLEMENTS) IN THE REVIVAL OF "PYGMALION" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

"Dramatic Sequels," he would have added with enthusiasm an Eliza-Higgins-Freddy playlet to the other problems he discussed:

Does Lady Teazle never call  
 At Lady Sneerwell's now at all?  
 Was Benedick's a happy marriage?  
 And will the Melnottes keep a carriage?  
 Will Aubrey take to wife one day  
 Another Mrs. Tanqueray?

Now (let me suggest):

And will Eliza's wayward feet  
 Return again to Wimpole Street?

Eliza and Higgins are acted with the sharpest enjoyment by Kay Hammond and John Clements. Miss Hammond, in gallant make-believe, fights the early storm of Cockney; she is magnificently at ease in the health report of the third act ("But it's my belief they done the old woman in"); she tosses the expletive—less alarming than it was—like a hand-grenade, plump into the middle of the Morris room; and she does her best, in her own adorable bubbling-hookah voice, for the less engaging rebellious Eliza of the last scenes. John Clements is as much Shaw's "very impetuous baby" crowing and bullying, as Charles Victor is Doolittle, that golden dustman, in his "wounded honour and stern resolution," and the reproachful splendour of the last act. Certainly we want to hear what happens to Doolittle when "fantastically disclassified," as Shaw puts it; and we are prepared to believe that he made the most of his wit and "his dustmanship (which he carried like a banner)."

To record that Athene Seyler is Mrs. Higgins is to say that the part is lived; and Nicholas Hannen offers a Pickering as gently helpful as we need. The forty-year-old comedy is back in strength (Laurence Irving has set it accurately); and my only regret is that Shaw's final essay could not have been printed in the programme. But no doubt that would spoil the sport. The mischievous expression of the portrait-busts spotlight before the play begins, should warn strangers to "Pygmalion" that the night may surprise them.

I wished I could have held interest in the personages of "Dance Dress" at the Embassy. A few minutes after the play was over, its plot had faded into the night. All that remained was a memory of sympathetic acting by Helena Hughes and Neil McCallum, star-crossed lovers from the East End, and a snatch or two of dialogue to show that when Michael Voysey gets a more workable invention, he may do something good with it.



## EAST, WEST AND HOME: NOTABLE WORLD FIGURES AND EVENTS.



ROYAL VISITORS AT KEMPTON PARK: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET (LEFT) ON NOVEMBER 27, WHEN THEY SAW THE QUEEN MOTHER'S *M'as-tu-vu* WIN.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret went to Kempton Park to see *M'as-tu-vu* run in the Wimbledon Handicap Steeplechase in the Queen Mother's colours. Carrying top weight he won in convincing style, with R. Francis up. *M'as-tu-vu* is a recent purchase by the Queen Mother. He is a French-bred seven-year-old horse by *Pampeiro* out of *Malle Poste*, and may run in the Grand National.



HARROW'S "GREATEST SON" GIVES THE VICTORY SIGN TO YOUNG HARROVIANS: THE PRIME MINISTER, SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, DURING HIS ANNUAL VISIT TO HIS OLD SCHOOL.

Sir Winston Churchill, who on November 27 went to his old school, Harrow, for the fourteenth year in succession to hear again the old songs at the sing-song, was acclaimed by 580 present Harrovians as well as by Old Boys and visitors. Dr. R. L. James, the headmaster, greeted him as "Harrow's greatest son." A portrait of the Prime Minister, who was seventy-nine on November 30, appears on other pages.



THE U.N. SECURITY COUNCIL VOTES CENSURE OF ISRAEL FOR THE QIBYA RAID: MR. EBAN, THE ISRAELI AMBASSADOR, IS THIRD FROM LEFT ROUND THE TABLE, BACKGROUND.

On November 24 the U.N. Security Council adopted by nine affirmative votes—the Soviet Union and Lebanon abstaining—the proposal of Britain, the U.S. and France to express "the strongest censure" against Israel for the raid of October 14 on the Jordan village of Qibya, in which fifty-three Arabs, including

women and children, were killed by Israeli armed forces who were supported by artillery. Mr. Eban, the Israeli Ambassador, declared that the motion used stronger language than the Council had invoked against any other country, including the Communist aggressors in Korea.



THE KING OF CAMBODIA, WHO HAS LATELY ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION TO ABDICATE, ACCEPTING THE GREETING OF PRIESTS ON HIS RETURN AFTER HIS SELF-IMPOSED EXILE. On November 7 King Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia returned to his capital, Pnom Penh, after a self-imposed exile in Siam since June 13. This exile was in protest over French "tergiversation" in the negotiations over his country's independence. Shortly after his return the Prime Minister and other Ministers resigned. A new Government was formed on November 16; but on November 26 the King announced his intention of abdicating after the forthcoming elections.



THE DEPOSED PRIME MINISTER OF BRITISH GUIANA IN INDIA: DR. JAGAN INFORMALLY ADDRESSING MEMBERS OF BOTH HOUSES OF THE INDIAN PARLIAMENT.

Dr. Jagan, the deposed Prime Minister of British Guiana, arrived in New Delhi on November 20, accompanied by Mr. L. F. S. Burnham, his former Education Minister, and said: "I have come to lay our case before Mr. Nehru, India's Prime Minister, and all India." On November 23 he addressed members of both Houses informally. Mr. Nehru has made it clear that India does not propose to raise the British Guiana question in the United Nations General Assembly.



THE annual task of trying to compress several quarts of criticism of children's Christmas books into a pint pot of space has come round again, with all the headaches involved. This year there is an unusually attractive collection from which to choose, which makes the question of that choice just that more difficult. For one thing, this year a number of authors, famous in other spheres than that of children's stories, have made their contribution to the delight of children of all ages.

There is, for example, Mr. Graham Greene, who is following up the success of the "Little Fire Engine" and the "Little Horse Bus" with the wholly enchanting *LITTLE STEAMROLLER* (Parrish; 7s. 6d.). The success of this sagacious little machine in thwarting the Black Hand Gang of smugglers, headed by "those desperate men" Messrs. King and Scott at London Airport, earns all the praises which "Bill Driver," its chauffeur (if that's what steamroller drivers call themselves in these days of "rodent operatives") showered on it at Scotland Yard. His illustrator, Dorothy Craigie, is most happily chosen.

I am not much of a film-goer, but I found "Never Take No for an Answer"—the story of the little Italian boy in St. Francis's town of Assisi, whose donkey fell sick, and who finally persuaded the Pope to have the bricked-up door of St. Francis's Church opened—almost unbearably moving. I had never read the book before. It now appears in a new edition as *THE SMALL MIRACLE*, by Paul Gallico (Joseph; 10s. 6d.), with memorable illustrations by David Knight. I predict a further immense success for the artful artlessness of this touching tale.

Then there is *THE NEW UNCLE REMUS*, by Joel Chandler Harris, illustrated by Neave Parker (Gawthorn Press; 12s. 6d.). The publishers say that "the quaint idiom of the Negro speech, although delightful to listen to when read aloud by one acquainted with it, makes self-reading somewhat difficult." I entirely agree. As a child I found Uncle Remus incomprehensible to the point of being irritating. Now, having read this edition translated from the original darky speech for the benefit of English readers, I propose to rummage among old books to find that original.

Mr. Newton Branch, the author of *CALLING ALL BOYS* (Publicity Products; 5s.), is sure to have a success with this most interestingly contrived volume. He has skilfully combined the ordinary adventure story for older boys into a description of the work of Scotland Yard, and the methods, simple or scientific, on which modern detection is based. In the same way, while what one might call the story part of the book is illustrated by Mr. David Walsh's line drawings, these are interspersed with first-class photographs illustrating the work of the modern police. From the same stable and from the same author and illustrator comes *THE BOY'S BOOK OF V.C. HEROES*; 5s. In this we are taken from the earliest winners of the V.C.—in the Crimean War—through "Bobs" to Private Speakman in Korea. It is an exciting volume which would make any boy proud to belong to a race which has produced such men as Captain Gordon Campbell, the pioneer of "Q" ships, who used deliberately to get himself torpedoed, or, at a later time, Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O., and two Bars, whose award was given for consistent incredible gallantry in over 100 raids.

Still on the subject of books for the eleven- or twelve-year-old boys upwards, there is *COME SHOOTING WITH ME*, by Richard Arnold (Muller; 9s. 6d.). It is a description of how the author took a boy through all the stages from shorts and an airgun to a twelve-bore and being a fully qualified safe shot. It makes an ideal present, and if it does anything to start boys off on the right track in these days of infernally and dangerously bad shooting manners, it will have performed a public service as well.

For the boy who wishes to take up bird-watching (and he is by no means a different species to the boy who wants to shoot) there is an excellent little book

## A Christmas Hamper of Books for Children.

Reviewed by E. D. O'BRIEN.

in *BIRDS AND YOU*, by David Gunston (Right Way Books; 6s.). The photographs and line drawings with which it is illustrated add much to its interest and attraction.

While still in the didactic field there is *COME BOATING WITH ME*, by Percy Woodcock (Muller; 9s. 6d.). Mr. Woodcock is already very well known as an instructor to the novice in the art of sailing, and this book, which is designed for what the Swiss

fifteen to live with his grandfather, a veteran bee-keeper.

Dr. Maurice Burton is well known as an expert in the zoological field who wears his learning lightly. The series of six books which he has written in the "How Long Have They Helped Us?" series entitled respectively *CAMEL*, *ELEPHANT*, *OX*, *SHEEP*, *REINDEER* and *ASS* are all published by the Gawthorn Press at 5s. They form an excellent introduction to natural history, and are a reminder of how much man, in his march towards civilisation (*sic*), owes to the animals which he taught to feed, clothe and transport him. I am surprised, however, that Dr. Burton does not include in this excellent series the animal which first enabled him to hunt, capture and herd the ancestors of the animals listed here—the dog.

My education (at the hands of my children) having stopped at a character called Biggles, I had not hitherto made the acquaintance of another called Bunkle. Apparently he is well and truly established in the affections of older children, judging from two Bunkle books which I have before me. *BUNKLE SCENTS A CLUE* and *BUNKLE'S BRAINWAVE*, by M. Pardoe (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 8s. 6d.). All I can say is that these exciting tales should do much to ensure post-Yuletide peace in the house when young noses are buried deep in them.

Noel Streatfeild is a most remarkable writer and *THE FEARLESS TREASURE* (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), illustrated by Dorothea Braby, is a pleasant and painless panorama of English history of the earliest times until to-day, employing the technique originally developed by Kipling in "Puck of Pook's Hill."

The author's other book is designed specifically for girls. It is called *BY SPECIAL REQUEST* (Collins; 12s. 6d.), and consists of a number of stories by well-known contributors for older girls. If I had to choose, I think I should plump for Mr. Jerrard Tickell's interesting story entitled "Anne—Secret Agent," which deals with the magnificent work of the F.A.N.Y.s, or Monica Edwards' enchanting story of the pony that came from the sea in Ireland.

After that I should like to read *BROGEEN AND THE GREEN SHOES*, by Patricia Lynch (Burke; 8s. 6d.). Leprechauns, from the present President of the Republic of Eire downwards, are enchanting creatures (when they are not being mischievous), and this story of Brogeen, whose home was the Fort of Sheen, a gateway that leads in one direction into Tir-nan-Og and the other into the wide world, and who chanced a trip into the green Irish countryside, will please many a non-Irish child.

For much younger children there is an adaptation of the *WIZARD OF OZ*, by L. Frank Baum (Publicity Products; 4s. 6d.), a pleasing and charmingly illustrated abbreviated version of the well known story.

Also for the younger children I recommend *LITTLE GREY RABBIT'S VALENTINE*, by Alison Uttley (Collins 3s. 6d.). I suppose no one will ever quite come up to Beatrix Potter in this field, so the highest praise I can bestow on Miss Uttley is that she nearly does so, an illusion sustained both by the format of the book and Margaret Tempest's charming Potter-style illustrations.

I now find myself with little space to do more than mention *THE SILVER CHAIR*, by C. S. Lewis (Bles; 10s. 6d.). This pleasing fairy-story is suitable for both boys and girls from ten onwards, and leaves me wondering if the author can possibly be the C. S. Lewis of the "Screwtop Letters."

Mr. Richard Church is so well known as a poet and a novelist that when he "unbends and frolics for our sport," as with *DOG TOBY* (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.), the result is very exciting. One would like to feel, however, that the problems of life on the Iron Curtain frontiers of Europe could be as easily solved as they are in this book.

Finally there is the delicious tale of *THE MAGIC CURRANT BUN*, by John Symons, with illustrations by André François (Faber; 8s. 6d.), a rollicking tale which, incidentally, should give the young reader an introduction to the geography of Paris and the habits of the French people.

### Children's Books: A Christmas Suggestions List.

#### BOOKS FOR BOYS.

"The Settlers of Carriacou," by Ronald Syme (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.). "Redskin and Cowboy," "With Clive in India," "With Wolfe in Canada," "Cornet of Horse," by G. A. Henty (all Latimer House; 6s. each). "Counter Attack" and "Sabotage," by Eric Leyland (6s. each). "Where's Brandy?" by Roderick Graeme; "The Cargo of the Ocean Queen," by Leslie Morley; "The Buckled Wing," by Captain A. O. Pollard, V.C.; "The Racing Wraith," by Trevor Burgess (6s.; 6s.; 7s. 6d.; 7s. 6d.; all Hutchinson). "By Space Ship to the Moon"; "Rockets, Jets, Guided Missiles and Spaceships," by Jack Coggins and Fletcher Pratt, forewords by Willy Ley (Publicity Products; 4s. 6d. each).

#### BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

"The Blue Train," the Story of Anton Dolin, by Joan Selby-Lowndes; "How Many Miles to Babylon," by Violet Needham (Collins; 8s. 6d. each). "Little Friend," by William Joyce Cowen (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.). "Schoolgirl Reporter," by Constance M. White; "The Unexpected Holiday," by Dorothy B. Upson; "Lucia Comes to School," by Mabel Esther Allan (Hutchinson; 6s. each). "The Sentimental Smuggler," by Felicity Douglas (Faber and Faber; 9s. 6d.). "Seven Adventurous Women," by Winifred Holmes; "Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales," by Mrs. Ewing (G. Bell and Sons; 10s. 6d.; 6s. 6d.).

#### BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Chowry," by Jean Forbes-Robertson (MacGibbon and Kee; 8s. 6d.). "Scheherezade: Tales from The Thousand And One Nights," by A. J. Arberry (George Allen and Unwin; 15s.). "Secret in the Sand," by Mary E. Edmondston (Hammond Hammond; 7s. 6d.). "The House of the Wind," by Averil Demuth (Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.). "Sea-Dogs and Pilgrim Fathers," by John Hampden (Edmund Ward; 10s. 6d.). "Ring Out Bow Bells!" by Cynthia Harnett (Methuen; 10s. 6d.). "Eskimo Boy," by Pipaluk Freuchen; "The Prisoner's Friend—the Story of Elizabeth Fry," by Patrick Pringle (Harrap; 4s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.). "Saints Alive," by Arnold L. Haskell; "The Young Blackbird," by E. Clephan Palmer (Allan Wingate; 10s. 6d. and 8s. 6d.). "Black Marigolds," by Gillian Bell; "Larking at Christmas," by Judith Masfield; "Wandering Star," by Olivia Fitz Roy (Collins; 7s. 6d.; 8s. 6d.; 8s. 6d.). "Galleons Bay," by Philip Scott; "Just About Us," by Naomi Jacob; "Greece—Eagle of the Hebrides," by Joseph E. Chipperfield (Hutchinson; 6s.; 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.). "To See the Queen," by Ann Shead; "Kildee House," by Rutherford Montgomery; "Fair Wind to Adventure," by John Niven; "The San Sebastian," by Eilis Dillon; "Flight from the Palace," by George Sava; "Wishing Well," by Gerald Heard (Faber and Faber; 9s. 6d.; 9s. 6d.; 9s. 6d.; 10s. 6d.; 10s. 6d.; 21s.).

#### BOOKS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

"Barnaby and the Scarecrow," by Racey Helps (Collins; 3s. 6d.). "The Enchanted Horse," by April Jaffé (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). "The Book About Moomin, Mymble and Little My," by Tove Jansson (Ernest Benn; 8s. 6d.). "Madeline's Rescue," by Ludwig Bemelmans (Verschoyle; 12s. 6d.). "Beauty and the Beast," a Peepshow Book by Roland Pym (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.). "Lady Porks," by Anthea Bennett (aged ten) (Edmund Ward; 7s. 6d.). "Clever Mr. Twink," by Freda Hurt (Epworth Press; 7s. 6d.). "Amahl and the Night Visitors," by Gian-Carlo Menotti (Dakers; 10s. 6d.). "The Little Balloon," by Dorothy Craigie (Max Parrish; 7s. 6d.). "Janey and Her Friends," by Irene Pearl, and "Teddy Robinson," by J. G. Robinson (Reading With Mother Series); "Colonel Crook," by Annette Mills; "The Good Little Christmas Tree," by Ursula Moray Williams (Harrap; 4s. 6d.; 4s. 6d.; 5s. and 5s.). "Adventures of Bunny Buffin," by Alec Buckels; "A Week of Stories," by Doris Rust; "People With Six Legs," by Mary Bosanquet; "Fifofus and the Red Indians," by Norman Mommens; "Polly's Oats," by Marc Simont; "Mouse Tash," by Affleck Graves (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.; 4s. 6d.; 7s. 6d.; 7s. 6d.; 8s. 6d.). "Babar's Travels" and "Babar the King," by Jean de Brunhoff; "Winnie-The-Pooh and Eeyore's Tail" and "Winnie-The-Pooh and the Bees," by A. A. Milne, each with four Pop-Ups. (Methuen; all 6s.).

#### ANNUALS, HOBBIES AND MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Girl's Handicraft Book," by Leslie S. Woollard and Anne Thornton; "The Wonder Book of Bible Stories," edited by David Kyles (Ward Lock; 15s.; 12s. 6d.). "Sailing," by Laurence Sandy (Puffin Picture Book; 2s. 6d.). "Plants in the City," by H. and N. Schneider (Faber; 9s. 6d.). "Commonwealth and Empire Annual" (Gawthorn Press; 15s.). "Hopalong Cassidy Annual," by Elizabeth Beecher (Adprint; 5s.). "The F.A. Book for Boys" (Naldrett Press; 10s. 6d.). "Denis Compton's Annual" (Stanley Paul; 10s. 6d.). "The Golden Book of Bible Stories," edited by Elsa Jane Werner (Publicity Products; 10s. 6d.). "Enid Blyton's Christmas Story" and "The Days of Christ's Coming," by Dorothy L. Sayers (two Christmas-cards plus; Hamish Hamilton; 2s. 6d. each).

ski schools call "*debutants absolus*," is eminently suitable as an introduction to the sailing dinghy, with which we all should begin.

Having been well brought up on the Georgics I have always been fascinated by bees, creatures which I regard with healthy respect, not least for the fact that their social organisation bears an alarming resemblance to the ideal, "Welfare State." *THE YOUNG BEEKEEPER*, by Harry McNicol (Warne; 6s.), introduces the would-be young apiarist to his subject in the painless form adopted by many of the other books, i.e., through the device of sending a boy of





**"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN . . .": THE POPULAR PASTIME OF UNDERWATER STUDY AS PRACTISED OVER TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO—ACCORDING TO AN INDIAN ARTIST OF A.D. 1595.**

This Indian miniature is an illustration, dating from about A.D. 1595, to a poem about the exploits of Alexander the Great in Asia in the "Khamsa" of Amir Khusrau Dihlavi; and it shows Alexander the Great being lowered in a glass jar to observe undersea life. Strangely enough, among the passengers in the boats standing by can be observed Jesuit missionaries holding Bibles. This can be accounted for by the fact that Akbar the Great—for whose delectation it was presumably painted—showed the greatest interest in Christianity and even took part in the divine service of the Jesuits. The original of this picture, which

is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, is 9½ ins. by 6½ ins., and is slightly enlarged in our reproduction. Although it can hardly be considered as unshakable evidence that Alexander the Great did indeed make diving-bell descents, it does, more seriously, reveal that the courtiers and artists of the Great Akbar's court were as fascinated and interested by the charms and beauties of life undersea as are the many who in this age and in many climes explore the coral reefs and underwater gardens in diving helmets and frogmen's flippers, or gaze into a submarine wonderland from glass-bottomed boats.

*Reproduced by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.*



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IN the modern world, where any possible form of behaviour is, as it were, deglamorised and listed as a natural phenomenon, there are no tragic themes in the old sense. Painful, abhorrent—but not tragic. And the authentic tragedies have lost a good deal of their impact. To-day we can't feel "Oedipus," for instance, as it should properly be felt. This is a change unalterable by creative talent, or by the utmost willingness of mind. Even the near-exceptions—and they are rare enough—do not escape on a close view. "Too Late the Phalarope," by Alan Paton (Cape: 10s. 6d.), is a complete exception from within; yet it is just as strikingly a case in point. It deals with a society which is not modern, where "iron laws" really exist, and where a breach of them excites the old, illimitable horror. The tale is told in the first person, by one brought up under the law, filled with a sacred terror at the breach, and yet heart-knit to the offender, who has destroyed all his kin. For her, it is a tragedy of the old stamp. And she describes it in a rhythmical, archaic prose, a perfect mirror of the world in which these things can be. She conveys all the fear, the misery, the torment—but, though we feel the situation to be agonising, we can't begin to see it as horrific. For us there is no sacred terror; indeed, the crime (to put it bluntly) seems out of all proportion to the fuss. Which means that it is not a tragic issue. But it is just as poignant, for all that; and every bit as interesting in its own way.

Because the story is South African, needless to say the theme is race. But not, for once, tackled head-on, as a straightforward oppression-drama. This is the other side; this is the Nemesis of the oppressors. In the small town of Venterspan, Pieter van Vlaanderen enjoys the highest honour and prestige. He is the police lieutenant; he is a football hero, a hero of the war, a married man with a devoted, gentle wife and two young children. He is of godlike stature and authority; and, like a god, he is untouchable. People admire and love him, but with awe; they would no more encroach than they would dare do on his formidable father. But this grave separateness is the façade of an internal danger. Pieter has been repressed in youth; and he is drawn to the unpardonable sin. For in the Transvaal it exists. Pieter believes in it, abhors it from his very soul, and feels it beckoning on that account. Then he falls in with the girl Stephanie. If he could tell, he might be saved. He tries repeatedly to tell; but it won't come, and his aunt Sophie, who has guessed it, is afraid to speak. Sophie is the narrator; and when the bolt descends, she is convinced it was her fault. The tale is beautifully made, and Pieter's agony almost too vivid to be borne.

## OTHER FICTION.

"Lebanon Paradise," by Edward Atiyah (Peter Davies; 12s. 6d.), starts out to be agreeably informative. The scene is a mountain resort, filled with the well-to-do from Cairo and Beirut, and a small sprinkling of refugees. These are the lucky ones, who could get out of Palestine unbeggared. Whereas the great mass in the camps have lost not only their home and country, but their means of life. Among the smart set at the hotel, of course, the Palestine débâcle and the unhappy fugitives are a main topic. Everyone is concerned and shocked; everyone is denouncing British perfidy, or laying a manly stress upon the rottenness on their own side. But all in quite a comfortable vein. Their hearts don't really bleed; theirs is a cosmopolitan society, more French than Arab in affiliation, and strictly self-absorbed. M. Batruni has his business, and his *indigestion affreuse*; his wife has bridge, gossip and matchmaking. Of her five daughters, four are already married off, and now the last one has become engaged. To a young man *très comme il faut*. They were all *comme il faut*; that is the hall-mark of a Batruni son-in-law.

But Violette suddenly turns against it. Not against André, who in his eligible way is rather charming—but against the groove. She longs to do something worth while, and shyly offers her assistance at the nearest camp. And there she meets a new kind of young man: a Palestinian who is not eligible, but an Arab hero. Meanwhile, her sister Rose's husband is being determinedly seduced by a young Moslem wife, also from Palestine. And that, too, is a charming story. It all ends in romance and charm—in a much lighter novel than appeared. But though the politics rather fade out, the social scene is at least equally instructive, and on easy terms. For it is piercingly agreeable in tone; and though its glossy, shallow Lebanese may in the abstract be poor stuff, they contrive somehow to be very taking.

"A Kid For Two Farthings," by Wolf Mankowitz (André Deutsch; 7s. 6d.), depends unblushingly on charm. It is the story of a little boy in the East End, whose father has gone out to Africa. When fortune smiles, Joe and his mother will go too. Meanwhile, they live in Fashion Street, with their good friend Mr. Kandinsky, who is a trousers-maker, and his assistant Schmule. Schmule has had to "go in for the wrestling," because his girl-friend, Sonia, has to have a diamond ring. His great wish is to beat the Dreaded Python. Mr. Kandinsky's wish is for a Superheat Steam Presser. And, of course, Joe's is Africa. He has been told that unicorns give wishes; so he goes hunting through the street market, and comes back with a rickety, pathetic specimen, much like a kid. . . .

It is a fluent and ingenious little story; full of the real East End, though certainly a little tainted with the *faux naïf*.

"Christmas at Candleshoe," by Michael Innes (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), abjures all contact with reality. Everything else is on a lavish scale, and supereminently twopence-coloured. First we have the outsize magnificence of Benison, a stately home to end all stately homes, where a delightful, rambling old Marquess and his younger son are welcoming the half-crown mob. Hard by, in timeless trance and more than genuine decrepitude, nestles the cradle of the race, Candleshoe Manor. Here an old, old Miss Candleshoe, and her domestic chaplain, Mr. Armigel, maintain a feudal state and a young page in Tudor garb, who looses cautionary arrows at the dropper-in. On top of which, we have the vanishing Old Masters, the gang of crooks, the siege of Candleshoe, the pirate's treasure and the missing heir. In short, the whole thing is a sumptuous and private spree, rather allowing than asking our participation.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I HAVE just found among my possessions a file of the nine numbers of *The Metropolitan Magazine* which appeared in 1892. I know not when or whence I ordered them; this sort of thing is liable to happen when you place an open order for chess magazines with about twenty people in different parts of the world. Of one thing I can be sure: a bill will follow, as night follows day.

There was quiet wit, if wavering grammar, in the opening lines: "When a new paper is started, it is usual to announce that the object of its promoters is to supply a want. Sometimes that want is nothing more than a want of money on the part of its proprietors. When that is so, we know nothing better calculated to avoid supplying the deficiency than a new paper. We are not actuated by any such mistaken ambition; neither do we labour under the delusion that the public have long been clamouring for us. But we hope, after a time, that the public who take an interest in games and sport will wonder how they existed before the *Metropolitan Magazine* did."

Music, literature, art, drama, cricket, Rugger, Soccer—the new magazine had a bit about them all; but most of all, about chess. The second issue went on from an attempted balloon ascent to a remarkable foretaste of Flying Saucery: "The Mars epidemic, though happily not so serious as the cholera, is no less severe. Everyone has of late been cudgelling his brains to devise some means of signalling to the planet, and though many ingenious persons have convinced themselves that it would be possible to convey numbers to the Martians (if any), by means of flashes, their difficulty is that they cannot get any further, being unable to find a method of telegraphing ideas." An anonymous correspondent had, however, put forward a marvellous scheme. He "suggests that we should first teach the Martians chess and then when they have become sufficiently proficient we should play a match of more universal interest than even that of Bird versus Lasker, namely, the earth versus Mars. The letter is too long to print in full but the *modus operandi* is simplicity itself, the Desert of Sahara being pointed to as a most convenient spot for a gigantic chess-board, while the pieces, which are to be built of a framework of wood covered with canvas for the sake of lightness, are to be drawn from square to square by giant locomotives."

That was 1892! More mundane yet not without interest was the statement that "The present method of scoring in the County Cricket Championship was originally foisted on the public by an ingenious reporter, who, in order to stimulate interest in his articles, hit upon the idea of producing a tabulated score of the county matches. Before this the leading counties were content to play occasional matches together for the mere glory of the game." Is this historical fact—that the idea of the County Championship table originated with some obscure journalist? Forty years later, many are asking who is going to persuade the Rugger teams to get their results together into a systematic table? The journalists are trying.

Started on September 3, on October 29 the *Metropolitan Magazine* faded quietly out. It could hardly have hurt the public's pocket, for it cost but a penny per copy.

There's just room for a brilliant little game played in Brussels a few weeks ago. Dutch Defence. ZAVERBNY. CAMELIUS. ZAVERBNY. CAMELIUS.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P-Q4	P-K3	5. B-K2	B-K2
2. Kt-KB3	P-KB4	6. Kt-K5	P-Q3?
3. P-KK3	P-QK3	7. Kt-B7!!	Resigns.
4. P-Q5	K-K2		

For if 7. . . . K×Kt; 8. P×Pch, followed by 9. B×B and 10. B×R!

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## MORE BY GOLLANCZ.

I REMEMBER welcoming the appearance of "My Dear Timothy," Mr. Victor Gollancz's first volume of reminiscence, creed, philosophy and feeling, and I am glad to find that his second volume, "More for Timothy" (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), contains just as much more for us all, of an equally attractive quality. It is impossible to resist the sincerity, the generosity, the open mind, heart and hand which Mr. Gollancz brings to this statement of his beliefs. This volume contains, as did the first, much that might surprise those who take their view of Mr. Gollancz from his public activities as a Socialist and as a publisher of so much Left-Wing literature. Here, for instance, is one whom one might too easily identify with the long, baneful influence of the London School of Economics, asserting, with passion, that religion has an absolute priority over economics. Here is one upon

whose support the Socialist Party has so long relied—and not relied in vain—telling us that no system can produce the new Adam, for he is spirit. Here is one who professes the primacy of conscience in phrases which might be philosophically dangerous, for they appear to lead to a chaotic individualism, who has yet seen that Communism involves the abrogation of conscience. He castigates treason, but reminds us that there can be a sin of patriotism as well as a sin of treason. In a fascinating study of Simone Weil, he points to some of the characteristic intellectual and moral fallacies of our age: a new Manichæism, or belief in the co-existence of two ultimate principles, one of good and the other of evil; a concentration on evil; a tendency to envisage God as a tyrant, as a benevolent master, or even as an insistent bridegroom; a tendency to schematise. All this is very true—although the manner in which Mr. Gollancz works out his truths and interprets them will not win universal assent. (In fact, one must not try to think of this book as generally acceptable; the response, and the antagonism, which it arouses will be alike passionate, and will ferment in the kind of discussion and debate that the author best enjoys.) I myself would point out that his religious views seem to be most vulnerable on their primary assumptions, as when he writes: "But I think of God and man, for my own part, in quite other terms: as fellow-workers, as co-operators." The book contains a long account of Mr. Gollancz's experiences at Repton during the First World War, as a result of which he discusses the thorny questions: Is political education desirable; and Is it feasible? There must be many readers who are quite sure that it is neither the one nor the other, but they will not the less enjoy the author's statement of his theories. At the very end of the book, Mr. Gollancz writes: "There must be a purpose in God's economy, for pacifists and resisters alike, otherwise they wouldn't be here. That of pacifists, one may think, is to keep absolutes alive in a world of relativities." It is all very well to make large assumptions about God's economy—does it make equally generous provision for murderers and seducers of children?—but it is perhaps a little much to claim the whole world of absolutes for the pacifist. But if Mr. Gollancz's heart is sometimes rather larger than his head, his most determined opponents must admire the size of that heart, and delight in its warmth.

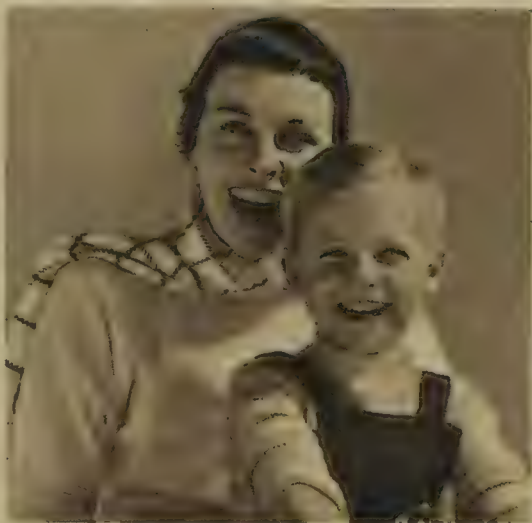
"An Englishman in Paris: 1803," edited by J. P. T. Bury and J. C. Barry (Bles; 21s.), was written by a Warwickshire country squire, one Bertie Greatheed, who took his family to Paris after the Treaty of Amiens, in order that his son should study painting. O excellent and admirable Englishman, determined in his solid independence of judgment! Talleyrand is a "nasty-looking dog"; a masqued ball which the family attended is "a poor vulgar business"; David's painting-room at the Louvre is "a miserable uncomfortable place." Talma "was constantly etruscanising himself. As to the grand air, the strutting bloated pomp, the bombast gesticulation and declamation, the trembling body and the quivering hands, I cannot bear them; but feel perfectly ashamed for the actors, and should be inclined to laugh were it not prevented by disgust." As for the Palais Royal, "in this tinselly square a man may pass his life with every low gratification of low sensuality and vice. . . . The people are corrupt and corruption will have vent." Bonaparte's "family is not a Gentleman's in Corsica." A talk about the state of religion in France leads to the conclusion that "They never think at all about it, they seem to me with a few exceptions incapable of thinking long, or consecutively about anything; they do not care whether there is another state or not, they do not care whether their friend dies or not, nor do they very much care whether they die themselves or not." It is really not at all surprising that the Peace of Amiens lasted such a short time—or that Mr. Greatheed and his like encompassed the downfall of Bonaparte.

I can imagine no greater contrast than that between Mr. Greatheed and the subject of the Marchesa Iris Origo's book, "Leopardi" (Hamish Hamilton; 21s.). This poet of solitude and death—Marchesa Origo subtitled her work "A Study in Solitude"—was one of the forerunners of the Italian Risorgimento, and perhaps the greatest of the Italian poets of the nineteenth century. The influence of his family, and especially of his mother, was devastating. Contessa Leopardi was a repressed *dévoté* of a strongly Jansenistic turn of mind, who tried to persuade herself that ugliness and misfortune were good for her children, and that, anyhow, they were better off dead. No wonder that Giacomo's outlook became as warped as his hunch-backed body, and that he died an early death. "Fame, religion, love—from none of these had Leopardi been able to derive happiness or even consolation." No wonder that "what he creates for us is not a philosophy, but a climate. It is the climate of a world in which anguish and desire are seen, as it were, at one remove; they reach us only through the filter of his imagination. . . . They are lit, not by the 'wild heat of the sun,' but by the pale radiance of the moon."

Back again in the realm of extraversion, Mr. Carl Sandburg gives us in his reminiscences, "Always the Young Strangers" (Jonathan Cape; 25s.), a picture of the young American growing up in the 80's and 90's of the last century. It is typical enough, and satisfying in the sense that it fulfils the reader's expectations of what life at that period in Galesburg, Illinois, must have been like—hard, rough, comradely, fuller of opportunity than of frustration.—E. D. O'BRIEN.



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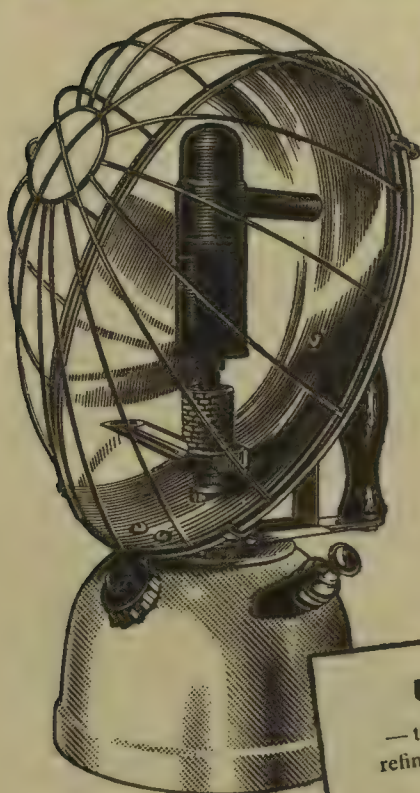
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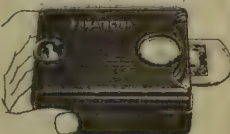
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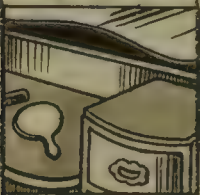
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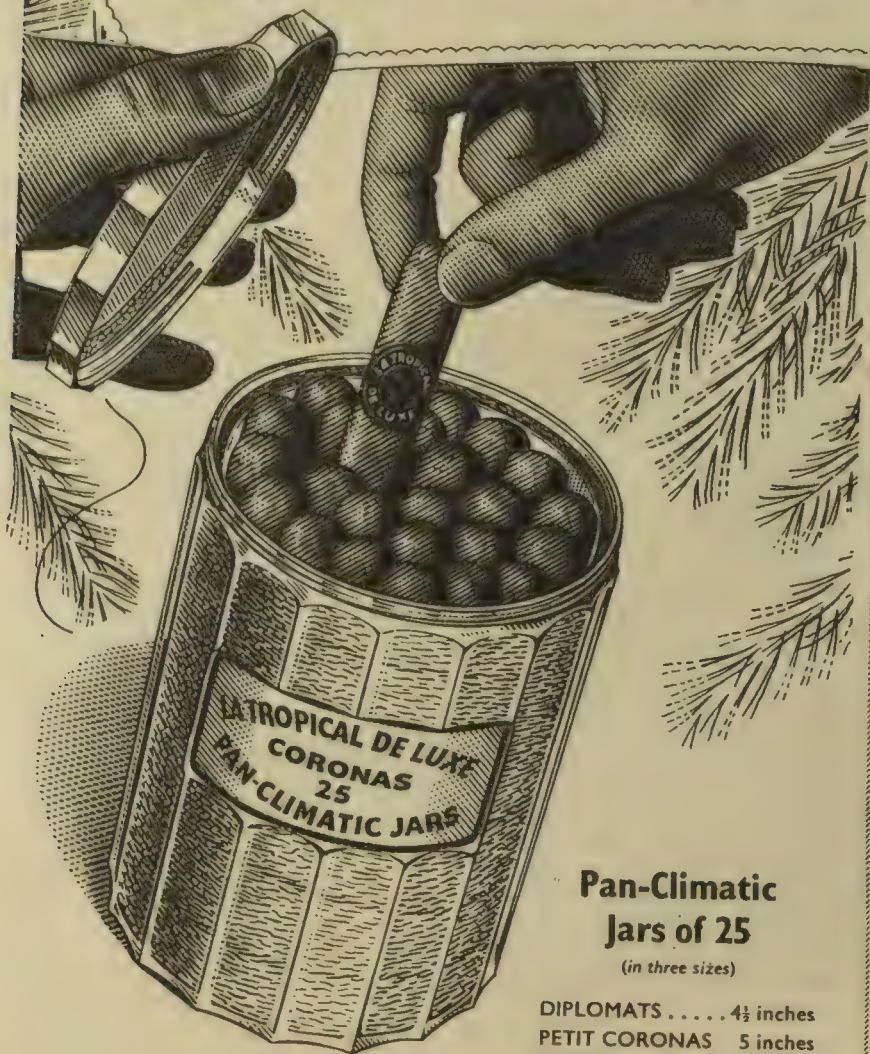
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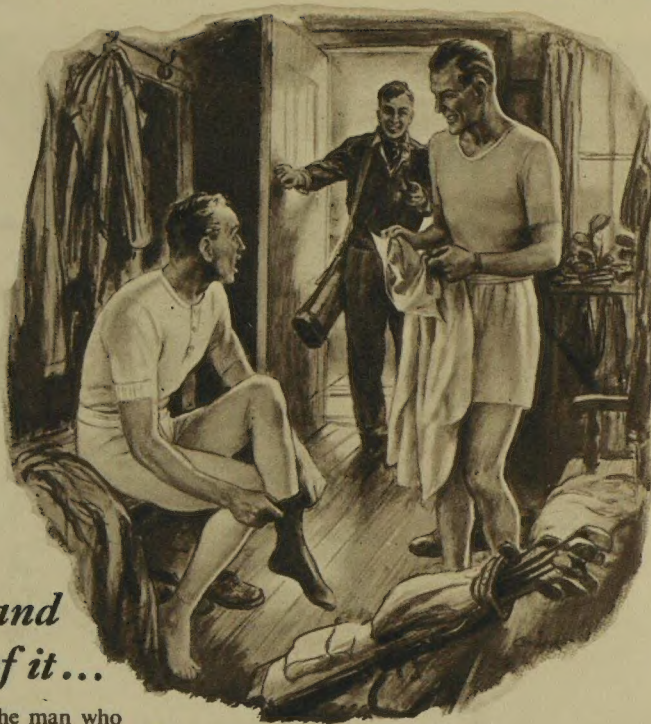


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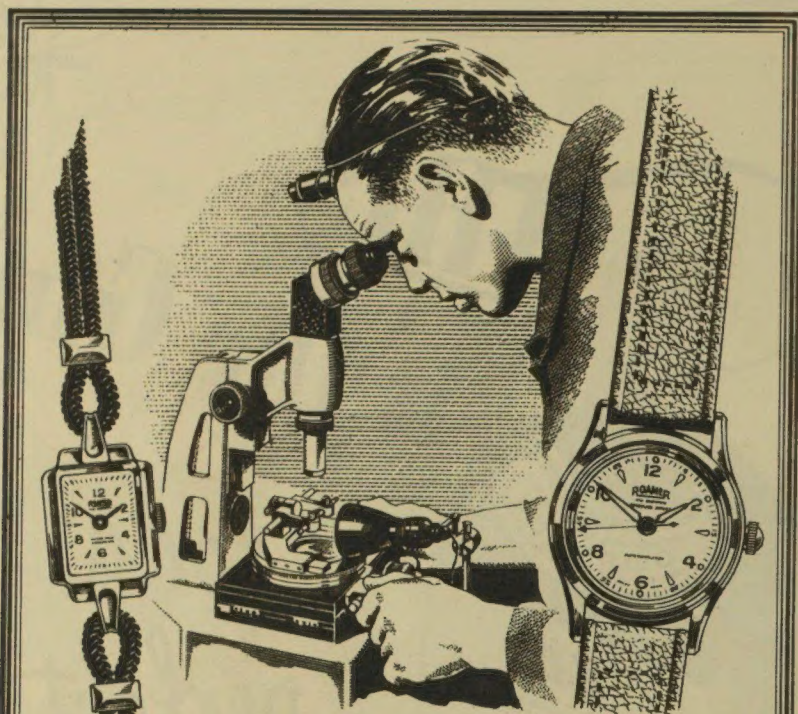
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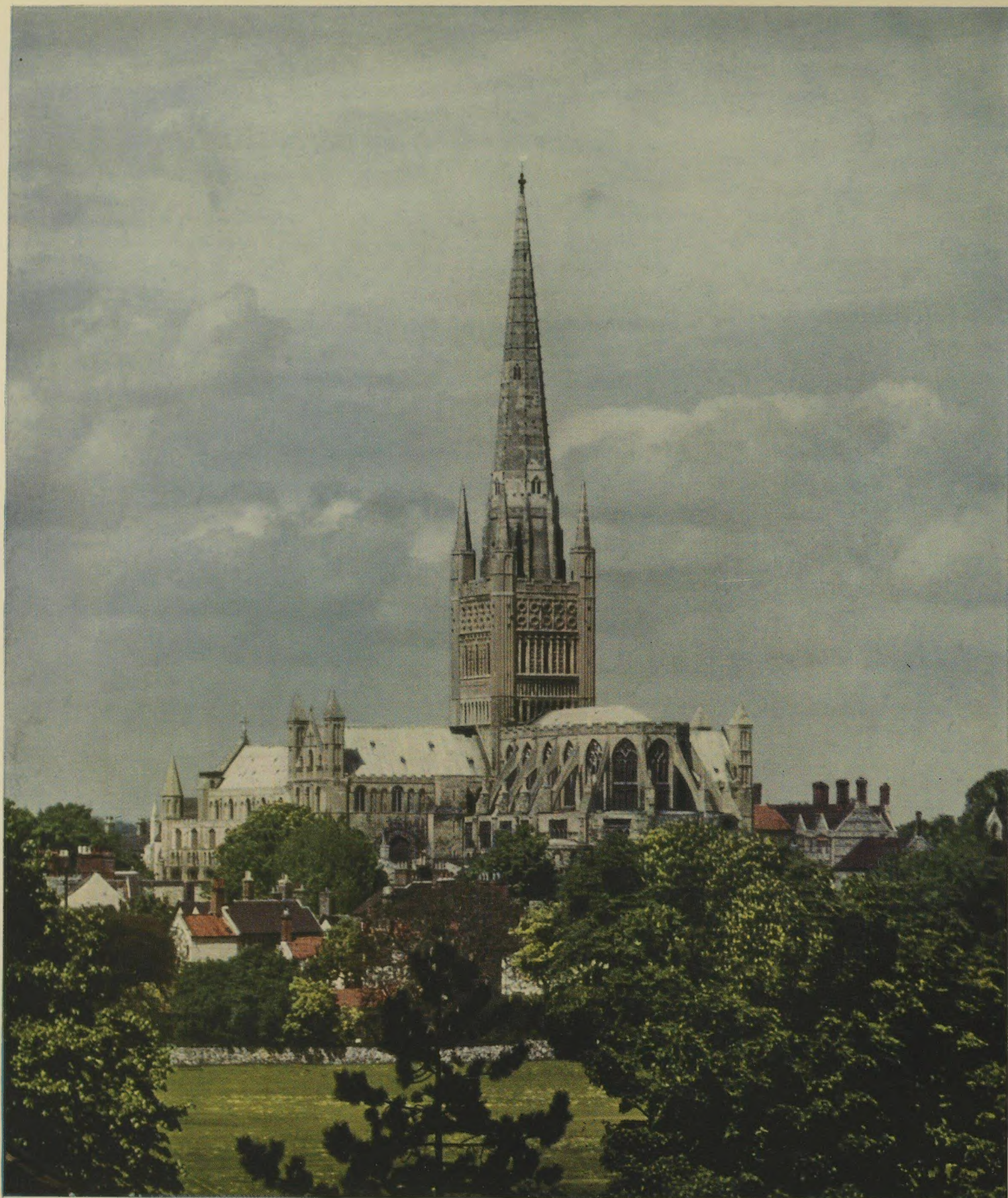
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